UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

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Original Poetry.

THE ENCHANTED ARMOUR.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.
BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Jove upon his burning throne,
With the universe before him—
Stars like gems around him shone
Clouds like banners floated o'er him.

With her tresses all unbound,
Tresses rich in golden glory,
Beauty came, and blushed and sighed,
While she told her piteous story:—

"Hear, oh! Jupiter, thy child!
Right my wrong if thou deal love me!
Beast and bird and serpent wild
All are pitied, in power, above me.

Each, his weapon, thou hast given,
Each the strength and skill to wield it
Why bestow, supreme in heaven!
Bloom on me with nought to shield it?

Even the rose—the wild wood-rose,
Fair and frail as I, thy daughter,
Safely droops in soft repose,
With her life-guard thorns about her!"

As she spoke in music wild,
Tears within her blue eyes glistened,
Yet her red lip, dimpling, smiled
For the god benignly listened.

"Child of Heaven!" he kindly said,
"Try the weapons Nature gave thee!
And, if danger near thee tread,
Fearless trust to them to save thee.

Lance and talon, thorn and spear!
Thou art armed with triple power.
In that blush and smile and tear!
Fearless go my fragile flower!

Yet dost thou with all thy charms,
Still, for something more, beseech me—
Skill to use thy magic arms—
Ask of Love and Love will teach thee!"

Original Novellette.

GOVERNOR LEISLER.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.
BY JOHN H. MANCUR, AUTHOR OF HENRI QUATRE, OR THE DAYS OF THE LEAGUE.

"Hearts, take thine ease
Men knit to please,
Thou haply might e offend
Though ere speak ill
Of thee some will
Say better, there's an end."
—JOHNSON'S VOLPONE.

CHAPTER I.

In the year of Redemption, one thousand six hundred and eighty-nine—at which our history commences—New York was a thriving community, though, as compared with present extension, of exceedingly circumscribed bounds. From the Battery to a gate called the Water Port—at the foot of Wall street—was the limit eastward. From this gate, northward, ran a palisade defence, terminated by junction with the *Broadway*, or Broadway, where was erected a second gate, named the Land Port. The shape of the city was triangular—with palisade for base, East River on one side, and Broadway on the other, converging to the apex at Whitehall, or rather at a spot—where stood the fort—midway between Whitehall and the Bowling-green.

Beyond the Water Port grew noble forest trees; whilst, swelling upward from the margin of Hudson's river to Broadway, were meadows and pasture-land, orchards, gardens and farm-houses, so—for they had not yet ceased to be so designated—Bouweries. So that from the bay, the city might be compared to a gem of art, enshrined amidst the rich trophies of Nature. Not even an Albany sloop, or New Jersey ketch, was moored in Hudson's stream—all the commerce and traffic of the port (boasting at the period, of a inconsiderable matter of no less than two three-masted vessels, twenty sloops, beside ketches and craft of intermediate bulk) were concentrated on the East river. Nor was the eastern margin of New York the same as now. Save one Whitehall street (whose stood a public dock, formed by projecting piers, with a narrow entrance, a retreat for vessels from blowing seen) the river washed one side of Pearl street—which had houses only on the land side; all the *terra firma* now existing between the latter location and the stream, having been since recovered. The river causeway—or South street of that age—was divided into Pearl street—The Long's Strant—Hoog, or High street—and near the Water Port, was known by another name.

Within the city, houses were not so closely piled as at a later period. From many a yard and alley, shot up the tall poplar, whilst the wide-spreading dressing willow overhung many a low, pointed gable—to an extent, indeed, which brought reproof on Governor Stuyvesant (the last famous Dutch commandant) on the part of their High Mightinesses, who, on inspecting a plan of the city which he forwarded to Holland, hinted disapprobation of so much vacant space in laying out streets and lots. Such liberality in meting yard, alley and garden, spared not with true Dutch thrift and economy. But the health and comfort of the city was in the keeping of Peter Stuyvesant, his predecessors and successors, and not in that of their masters—whither Dutch or English—in Europe. There were lessees enough, however, for a population of four thousand souls, divisable as follows: One thousand Dutch, or attending the Dutch church—a second thousand comprising negro and Indian slaves, and about two thousand New Englanders, British and strangers.

Many of the best habitations and public edifices fronted the stream, and displayed a pleasing romantic aspect, being built of glazed tile, with high peaked gable toward the street, adorned or embellished in the very apex, which was surmounted with gilt vane, or other ornament. A wall, breast high, ran along the elevated margin of the river, serving the double purpose of rampart and public walk; whilst, at intervals, jutted out in circular, or half moon cordeels, resembling Moorish forts, on which were planted cannon. In summer season, beneath a cloudless sky, to a stranger approaching from the sea, the city seemed partially—at least—to realize a scene of Eastern romance, to which the presence of the sooty negro, and the voluptuous heat of the sun lent increased effect. To complete our description, we may add, that Governor's Island (then called Nutten Isle) was a green pasture, appropriated, as farming-ground, for the Governor's use, without tax, bastion, or rampart. On Brooklyn heights stood a solitary farm-house, with orchard sloping to the water's edge; whilst afar, on the shores of New Jersey, and the sinuous margin of Long Island, stood, at intervals, amidst the forest, the gable-fronted homestead of farmer, or planter, glistening with face of glazed brick. Where some little creek or bay was lost in the swamp, or morass, smoke curled from the Indian wigwam—and occasionally, the dark forms of the forest tribes might be seen launching the slender canoe, or fishing from its sides.

It was the latter end of May, the weather unseasonably warm, which might possibly influence the unbecomingly forming which raged in the bosoms of the little community. The first vessel of the season, from England—long expected—had not arrived, and, meanwhile, there comes from Boston intelligence of an extraordinary character. The Bostonians learned, though a circuitous channel, that the English nation—long disgusted with attempts of James the Second to introduce papacy—had invited William of Nassau to occupy the throne. This prince had landed with an army, and, according to the last accounts, stood the fairest chance of success. But the Bostonians, without waiting issue of the contest, instigated alike by hatred of popery, and of their tyrannical governor, Sir Edmund Andros—who held united sway over the provinces of New York and Massachusetts, and whose residence was at Boston—rose in arms against, and imprisoned him, in company with several members of his council. There wanted but a leader for New York to act a part equally as decisive against Francis Nicholson, Lieutenant-governor of the colony under Andros.

The vivid and wide-spread alarm of popery, both in New York and the New England colonies, may require some illustration to these quiet days. Christians of all denominations, of the present age, use the gentlemanly and gentle weapons of persuasion and argument, and do not dream of appealing to other means in controversy; whatever fear may exist of the spread and contagion of rival sects and doctrines, is speculative rather than physical. But in the latter end of the seventeenth century, it was far otherwise. For several preceding years, there had been continually arriving, Huguenots, fleeing from the scourge of that wise monarch who revoked the toleration-edict of Henry the Great of France; who brought with them tales of the merciless cruelty and lustful appetites of Louis dragoons; from Scotland, also, came the persecuted covenanters, victims of King James' papal notions. It appeared to line and hook colonists as if the Western Europe were in league to crush a Reformation of two centuries growth; more especially, when we add, that many of the colonial officials had become papists to curry favor with royalty. Colonel Dongan, late Governor of New York, a courtesous, knowing and honest Catholic, was recalled in the preceding autumn, because his sense of what was due to the Province, would not permit him to act contrary to its best interests by uniting against the friendly Indians, with the French of Canada. Consequent on his recall, the province was annexed to the rule of Andros, who had instructions to levy as much as the people could bear, in shape of taxation, make what laws he deemed necessary and on no account permit a printing-press to be set up within the territory. Tardy not appear unnatural, then, when we describe the feelings of the Colonists, as much resembling the bodily dread entertained, in days of yore, by the quiet yeomen and monastic communities of Durham, Westmoreland, and other northern English counties, against the destructive inroads and ravages of the wild, Scottish border-clans. It was a lively apprehension of the fire-and-faggot of a church-militant armed with sword and scroll.

The turmoil was not allayed, but on the contrary, rendered more intense by Nicholson's wording a threatening epistle to the Committee of Safety, at Boston, commanding the instant release of Andros, and his fellow-prisoners. His threats were despised, but the spirit displayed in his attempt, convinced the people of New York that the protestant cause had much to fear from him.

After several days' intense anxiety—in which it was seriously debated by the people of Long Island, whether they should not place themselves under protection of the new authorities at Boston—across the East river that a European brig was in the offing beyond Sandy Hook. As the prevailing wind was south-east, the public dock, moored beneath the fort, and other parade of new were crowded with zealous inhabitants of the city and neighboring localities. Great was the joy and the tumult, when the brig at length moored Nutten Isle, and saluted the city with a discharge from her carronades—for in those days, merchantmen were well armed to repel pirates. The salute was gayly returned by the fort. As the smoke cleared from her side, the long expected Bristol Boss was boarded from a dozen boats, the captain and crew instantly surrounded by curious officers, merchants, factors, and subordinates, woolly-headed negroes—all demanding the news from England—whether King William, or King James, were their lawful sovereign—what battles had been fought? The captain, Master Richard Hobbs, well known to most of the enquirers, for it was his tenth voyage, would fain have concealed the intelligence till he had had interview with the Governor, or civic authorities; but was so beset and pulled to pieces, that yielding to necessity, he bade the crowd stand off, and drawing from his pocket a printed broadside, read aloud the proclamation of William and Mary, King and Queen of Great Britain, Ireland, *fidei defensores*, and so forth. Silence reigned on board whilst the captain read the document—the ripping of the water against the craft's sides was distinctly heard—but soon as he had concluded, the assembled uttered loud shouts of joy and congratulation, waving aloft their caps and hats—which being seen and heard on shore, was received with tenfold enthusiasm.

Meanwhile Bristol Boss neared the dock, into which she was hauled. Soon as she came alongside the pier, fresh visitants crowded the deck, to the utter confusion of Master Hobbs and the crew, who were seized on, as though they were beings of a different sphere, with power to impart happiness by mere contact. To rid himself of the inconvenience, the captain proposed giving a copy of the proclamation to whoever would undertake—and had sufficient strength of lungs for the occasion—to read it aloud on the pier. His offer was instantly accepted, which partially effected a clearance.

Whilst all parties were diversely engaged—mousing the brig—listening to the proclamation—loitering to catch further details—there came on deck, from the companion, a comely looking gentleman of about four-and-twenty, attired richly, though his apparel was in the disorder incident to a long sea-voyage. He was after the London fashion, a dazzling silver-hilted small-sword. Soon as he emerged, he was most unceremoniously pounced on, tear of which, had kept him so busy below. His attire suggested to the good-folk, that he might be one of King William's officers, or bearer of instructions to the authorities. Angry and annoyed by the importunity of the besiegers, he attempted to retreat into the cabin, but finding that passage cut off, he made a spring from the bulwark to the pier, which owing to the state of the tide, was considerably above the brig's deck. He gained footing, but could not retain it, and was falling back with the recoil, when succor opportunely presented itself in shape of a long, black pigtail, braided with riband, adorning, as was the fashion, a sailor's back. The queue poked outward so invitingly, as though it were asking the hearty shake of fellowship after a long voyage—and the danger was so imminent, that the young man could not resist the inviting grasp. By the laws of dynamics, motion communicated to a recipient body is lost to the substance which imparts it. The frame of the young voyager gained steadiness and equilibrium, essential to its gravity, precisely at the moment that the body of the sailor lost natural equipoise, and fell backward into the brig. A hubbub ensued, which for a moment distracted attention from the stranger, who, seizing the favorable opportunity, escaped.

The pier which formed one side of the dock, led into a wide street facing the river. Here he was at a loss. Looking to the left, he beheld over the house-tops, the broad standard of the fort (which stood on elevated ground) and before him a line of dwelling houses irregular in size, though uniformly with narrow frontage (in consequence of the gable-ends abutting on the causeway) each detached from its neighbor, with alley between, of various width—in some instances affording space for a few poplars, or a willow-tree—closed from the street by paling and gate. No sign of life, as in England—the shutters mostly closed, as though death reigned within; no opening and shutting doors, to the ingress and egress of visitors, the solemn gables, prim, clean, lifeless and glittering in the sunshine, stood like a row of pictures! But a second glance convinced the gazer that they were not lifeless. Though narrow-proved, like a ship, they made up the deficiency in depth—a line of dormer-windows along the alley, projected from the retreating roof, and the young traveller had the satisfaction of beholding indubitable tokens of confidential gossip between a pair of caps (he could see no more) across the friendly space which divided two neighboring tenements.

It seemed as though arrival of the brig suspended all business; people there were everywhere, on the dock, in the streets, as well as the things he had escaped from; but the odoriferous effluvia (for such it had ceased to be). Western Europe were in league to crush a Reformation of two centuries growth, more especially, when we add, that many of the colonial officials had become papists to curry favor with royalty. Colonel Dongan, late Governor of New York, a courteous, knowing and honest Catholic, was recalled in the preceding autumn, because his sense of what was due to the Province, would not permit him to act contrary to its best interests by uniting against the friendly Indians, with the French of Canada. Consequent on his recall, the province was annexed to the rule of Andros, who had instructions to levy as much as the people could bear, in shape of taxation, make what laws he deemed necessary and on no account permit a printing-press to be set up within the territory. Tardy not appear unnatural, then, when we describe the feelings of the Colonists, as much resembling the bodily dread entertained, in days of yore, by the quiet yeomen and monastic communities of Durham, Westmoreland, and other northern English counties, against the destructive inroads and ravages of the wild, Scottish border-clans. It was a lively apprehension of the fire-and-faggot of a church-militant armed with sword and scroll.

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whole sex with her, and with the misanthropy of disappointed passion would have persuaded myself that there was no such thing as disinterested love. Stung to the quick by her conduct, angry at her and at myself, I walked about until evening, and went back to my room, splenetic and morose. There I vowed never to have anything again to do with the sex. I had not long been in when an acquaintance, who had heard accidentally of my return, called on me. He was going to the theatre, and, in my present mood, he had no difficulty in persuading me to accompany him. The stir and passion of the play suited my frame of mind exactly, and what with that and the wine I drank, I soon became quite excited and ready for anything. The company—for we had met several other young men at the theatre—proposed adjourning to a fashionable gambling house. Thither, accordingly, we went. Though it was the first time I had been at a public hall of the kind, I was not altogether ignorant of the games, and the crowd, the gay lights and the infection of example, conspiring with my present feelings, I was quickly engaged in play. I remember the wild excitement which soon possessed me. My mortified spirit roused my energies to the utmost, and it seemed to me as if I was a perfect master of the game, so self-collected was I, so full of resources and quick in applying them. I remember drinking deeply and playing high; and then the next event I recollect, is waking in my own room, towards noon the next day, suffering with a violent headache, while a roll of bank notes and a pile of gold lay carelessly on my chair. I had won a thousand louis d'ors.

CHAPTER VIII.

DESPAIR AND HOPE.

For the next few days my name ran through the *cafes*. Almost a stranger, as I was in Paris, my success was regarded as that of an experienced hand. The victory I had won over one or two professed sharpers, with whom it appeared I had been playing, was quoted everywhere to my credit. Surrounded by flatterers, who had their ultimate designs upon me, I should have fallen a prey, had not an event occurred which fortunately checked me in my career, and restored me to virtue.

There was a ball at the Duc d'E——'s: thither I went in the hope of seeing Mary, determined to exhibit such coolness and collectedness as would revenge my pride. The company was large and brilliant, but with disappointment I saw Mary was not there. After lingering awhile, feeling unfit for the place, I was about departing when I saw the object of my passion enter. She was soon surrounded by admirers. I was determined not to approach her, but joined a circle near, where she might see me. Here I exerted myself to the utmost, and was successful enough to attract the marked attention of my listeners. A question was asked me respecting our late cruize, when I took occasion to detail some few of its events. My heart beat with triumph when I saw that one after another of the group around Mary were detaching themselves from her side and joining me, and at length, glancing quickly around, I detected her eyes bent on me in earnest interest. Their expression of mingled reproach and affection cut me to the heart. A doubt as to the justice of my sudden condemnation of her, broke on me. I could not proceed, but hastily bringing my description to a close, I turned away, with feelings of shame and remorse I cannot describe, to another part of the room.

At one end of the long suite of apartments was a garden, into which a window opened from the rooms. Thither I unconsciously bent my steps. My brow was fevered, and I felt unquiet and I stepped out into the garden that the open air might fan my brow. I had stood there but a few minutes, when a change began to come over my feelings. The calm light of the stars, and the quiet repose of the trees, contrasting with the noise and glare inside, diffused a gentle melancholy over my soul. A light hand touched my arm. Surprised—for I had heard no step—I turned hastily around, and saw Mary standing behind, pale and embarrassed. My astonishment struck me dumb, and recovering herself, she was the first to speak.

"You must not think wrongly of me, Mr. Sidney," she said, "for seeking you thus, after your studied avoidance of me since your return. I know that something is wrong, and I am resolved to know what it is. You see I am frank, but such is my nature, and having noticed your demeanour and heard something of your conduct, I am led to believe that there exists some misapprehension on your part, which induces you to treat me thus. Had I thought differently," she said, proudly erecting her head, "I had not sought this interview."

I was completely overcome, as much by the manner as by the words of Mary. She still loved me then, was my first thought, and I had deeply injured her by my conduct. My heart gushed over with tenderness towards her. Yet it was nearly a minute before I could speak. At length I spoke and entered into an explanation, endeavoring to make my conduct appear less hasty than I now felt it to have been.

"You astonish me," she said, at last, after making a pause. "There is some unaccountable mistake here; but why, Sidney," and, as she leaned on my arm, she looked up into my face with a tender reproach that melted the heart, "did you not call again? Surely, the refusal of a porter to admit you is not conclusive."

I mentioned seeing her on the promenade, and the cold hardness with which she turned away.

"I did not see you, indeed I did not," she exclaimed eagerly, "and this is the first information I have had of the meeting. You say the Count recognized you," she said, with a momentary hesitation, "he never alluded to the subject."

"Perhaps not!" I rejoined, resentfully, as a laughter tone.

Now you do me injustice," she quickly rejoined; "you do not believe what is rumored of the Count and me."

I could not resist this. Heartily I regretted ever having given credence to the report. I said doubly ashamed of myself on account of the confidence of Mary. I was embarrassed. I could only press her hand. At length I said,

"I do not believe it now. I have been a fool, and have wronged you. Will you forgive me, Mary?"

"If you can forgive yourself," she said, archly, but immediately her countenance assumed a serious air, and she continued, "but what is this I hear of you, Sidney? Is it you who is talked of in every cafe as the professed gambler? It is said you won ten thousand louis of a man the other night."

My eyes fell to the earth, and could not encounter hers. I had never thought that my indiscretions to use an harsher name, would penetrate to her ears; and now that I learned they had, I wished the earth to open and swallow me. Had Mary spoken to me in terms of angry reproach I could have answered her in the haughtiness of my soul; but their mild demeanor mastered me.

"Forgive me," I again mumbled. "Words cannot tell how heartily I repent my conduct but oh! Mary, do not judge me too harshly. Recollect I was almost beside myself at the time believing that you had cast me off." And in hurried language I proceeded to justify myself as much as possible, by detailing the events of the past few days, as they had really occurred.

"It is not so bad as I feared," she said when I had concluded. "And I forgive you on your promise never again to enter a gambling house. Remember, too, that whatever you may hear, you are not to think me faithless. So long as I am assured of your love I will keep my troth."

She said this solemnly and with her eyes raised to heaven.

"And I will be faithful to you until death," I repeated, taking her hand and looking up likewise to the blue sky. "God help us both!" and thus solemnly were we plighted for the second time.

"I must now hasten back to the rooms," said Mary, after a few minutes of silence, "or they will miss me, and think my absence strange. Come to-morrow and try again for admittance," she said archly, holding up her finger, as she vanished behind the shrubbery.

I felt no inclination to rejoin the company, so I turned my steps to my inn, where I lay for hours, on my couch, ere I could sleep, indulging in delightful reveries of future happiness. Oh! is there anything like the emotions of a lover restored from despair to assured felicity?

TO BE CONCLUDED.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 30.

THE POST'S PRIZE STORIES.

The prospect is highly encouraging that we shall have warm competition for the prizes, among some of the best writers of the day, we can, therefore, confidently promise, that *the Post, for the coming Winter, will be the most brilliant in literary merit of all the family journals.* Already we find that our liberal course is responded to in new subscribers by the score, and we shall be in nowise surprized if we *add ten thousand to the list of the Post, the coming season.* We have been as lucky, on more than one occasion, and as long as the Post is conducted in an enterprizing manner, and on a scale of liberal expenditure, the warm and steady support it has always known, will never fail. This may sound confident. But it is as certain, as that effect follows cause. A paper, conducted on enlightened principles, is always sure of support.

THIS WEEK'S POST.

We have been too long in the business of publishing to become vain of a new dress for the Old Post, but our experience enables us to judge correctly when a thing is well done. The brilliant appearance of the paper this week, as well in typographical appearance as in literary excellence, must strike the eyes even of a tyro in the business.

We issue, beyond all doubt, the handsomest paper, that week to be found in the United States, and challenge any refutation of the fact. We are not in the habit of blowing our own trumpet much, but we take liberty to say that we have taken the wind out of the sails of our cotemporaries by this issue. The wide-spread circulation of the Post, reaching as it does every post town in the Union of any repute, or population, will give us the power, of showing, in a week or so, the beauty and merit of the sheet in every corner of our country. To say then we are not proud of *our position*, at the head of the newspaper of this continent, would be untrue, and we think we better show the fact by making the Post *the best paper*, so as to keep our standing, than by throwing up our caps in self laudation.

The new novel by Mr. Maneur, "GOVERNOR LEISLER," bids fair to be one of the best continued stories we have published for a long while, and its patriotic character must render it peculiarly interesting to the readers of the Post. It is every our care to foster a proper taste for national themes. It will be found by glancing over the files of the Post for the last five years, that more stories upon Revolutionary events have appeared in our columns than in all the other weekly journals put together.

"PAUL JONES" progresses in interest as the writer develops his theme. It is the most able article we have read for a long while. The writer holds a pen of no common power, and we regard him as one of the best writers of the day, in the line he has chosen to adopt. It may be a pleasure to the readers of the Post to know that we shall have articles frequently from his pen.

Mrs. Smith's story of "THE INNOCENT" is a singular creation, deriving additional interest from the fact, that the accomplished writer is the wife of the celebrated "Original Jack Downing," a lady who adds all the grace of female mind, to a masculine vigor in all her articles.

Frances Osgood's sweet little poem will be read and praised by every person of taste. We look upon her as the most *refined* of all the American female writers. With great vivacity she combines a natural smoothness and beauty of style appropriate to her sex. You never meet those coarse expressions in her composition, which too disfigure the style of some others of our female writers, who straining after strength of expression, impart a want of *womanliness*, if we may use the word—to the tone of their articles. We expect to have papers frequently from the pen of Mrs. Osgood.

N. P. Willis has a fine poem, for which we are indebted to the *Gift*, for 1844.

The Olio, on the fourth page of the Post, contains every variety of articles—from grave to gay," and cannot fail to please all tastes, while the News Department for the week is unusually well assorted. The Letters from Correspondents and the glimpse at the proceedings of the Agricultural Fair, will be looked over with special interest.

The editorial, on the Tyranny of Public Opinion, has some thoughts worthy of being pondered on, by sober thinkers, of an *independent* country.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

It is no joke, after all, to conduct a newspaper. It is perhaps not unlike gardening or farming, and this being the agricultural and horticultural season (as witness our columns), the simile is not out of time. A garden or a farm will do with little labor, or it will profitably receive as much as you choose to put upon it. So a newspaper may do, with inattention, but no carelessly conducted sheet can be satisfactory in any degree to editors or readers. Our constant endeavor is to make this journal all that assiduity can effect. If we fall short of it at no time the result of inattention, whatever lack of judgment may be sometimes imputed to us. According to announcement we are out in new type—assist us to wear it out as shortly and pleasantly as possible, and in the shortest time you shall see another new dress.

This is the farmer's holiday season. On every hand the crowning labors of the harvest are going on; and on every hand plenty seems to have rewarded the labors of the husbandmen. While they prosper all other branches of industry participate the benefit of their labors—in general prosperity the farmer embraces the good fortune of other classes, and in times of reverse abundant agricultural products relieve the depression. It is gratifying therefore to notice how men of all trades and professions appear to be finding out the true importance of the farming interest.

In general terms the reader will find little the week startling—in the proofs about him of prosperity and peace he will find a most gratifying evidence of universal prosperity. Our own good city is as cheerful as could be desired; business is flourishing; and the fine bracing air of autumn is putting new life and strength into all men. The first yellow leaves strew the ground—rather a sombre sight in the city—but he who can now visit the forests will find them never so beautiful as at the approach of Winter. So be it with us all in our autumnal age! So when our museum is finished may we be comely in decay, and may the first approach of the breath of the Destroyer awake in our spirits the solemn joy which the leaves in their dying beauty so elegantly picture. Be our words of farewell the still placid whisper of the autumn forest leaves, as the winds touch them—ours a gentle sinking to rest, as the leaves fall—floating down to the grave, as not unwilling to descend to it, yet hesitating as not unwilling to remain above it, had their time been so ordered.

HEART ACHE FOR DANDIES.

Mr. Mahan's Plate of Fashions for gentlemen, just published, is quite enough to make a dandy's heart ache. That such perfect symmetry of form, and elegance of costume can be conveyed on paper is a pity, when obstinate knees, shoulders and arms will stand in the way of living subjects.

THE REPUBLICAN TYRANT.

The basis of freedom is the right to think; and this, so far as government is concerned, is secured to us in this country by the declaration and defence of the right to speak; speech being only the representative of thought—the tangible exhibition of that which, while unuttered, is for all the purposes of influencing others, or defending ourselves, a mere non-entity. When, therefore, the right to speak and to publish is guaranteed, something more is intended than to declare that simple articulation is a right and a privilege, or that a man may use perfect freedom with the vowels and consonants.

The day has gone by when in religion, politics, and science, certain bodies of men possessed the monopoly of direction, the right of warning a man to silence before utterance, of censorship on his published thoughts, and of punishment of his departures from the standards. The day has gone by when hereditary or any other position gave men a right to declare that the human mind had reached its highest point of progress. This restriction on progress, with all proper deference for the past and the venerable, we know to be most audacious vanity—most impious contempt for the majesty of the Creator. He has given man memory that he may recollect the history of the past—*judgment* that he may compare that experience with the passage of the present—and *ambition*, which under proper schooling and direction will apply the reasonings of a thinking creature, to the regulation of his conduct. If these faculties are not to be used why was man made better than the beasts that perish? If all we have to do is to follow in blind obedience the dicta of others, why was the human mind made "that lofty thing?"

The recognition of the rights of the individual was the great ground on which the severance of this country from its political connection with the old world took place. It was no mere quarrel about a penny a pound for tea more or less. It was the assertion of the principle that in all matters affecting individual happiness, the individual—every individual—has a *claim* to be consulted. It was the successful assertion of this claim that made the United States free and independent.

Connected with these facts are two or three things which require to be often advanced and impressed upon the public mind. The natural tendency of human conduct is to run from one extreme to another. Query—are we as a nation in any such predicament? We have cast off the tyranny of crown and order, of hereditary nobility and of entailed monopoly, of guild and trade, and exclusive corporations. This is all very well. Any man may make a boot, a shoe, a coat—may rent a store, or pursue a trade in any of our cities, without interference from the worshipful guilds, and without purchase of the freedom of the city. This we say, so far as it goes, is all very well. We have thrown off old chains. The next question is, have we, or have we not, fabricated new ones to take their places? We have resisted formal and legitimate foreign sway. Have we put an informal and illegitimate transatlantic despotism in its place? And have we also, or have we not, established in our midst, self-imposed, a worse than royal tyranny, because though unpalpable, it is still powerful, arbitrary, fluctuating?

Gentle reader—we have not time to follow these questions through all their answers. We have not space to touch upon the slavish deference to foreign customs—the ridiculous sensitiveness to foreign opinions which are apparent in too many of the manifestations of mind in cities. Let us look, you and I, leaving the rest of the world out of the question, to the domestic part of the subject.

Now, Sir, come up and be talked to. How are you in politics? Do you dare speak your thoughts, trying them only by the standard of what you believe *is right*, without regard to what is *popular*? How are you in fashion? Do you dare consult the ability of your pocket without making what Mrs. Grundy will say? Whose taste do you consult in your domestic arrangements and personal occupation? How are you in your relations with the world about you? How do you stand with your own conscience, and who is its keeper? Are you? Or have you delegated the trust tacitly if not avowedly to one, to many,—to the community in which you live—to the fashion of the times, to the tale which may happen just now to be sweeping by you? Recollect that to whomsoever you may trust this charge, one only is accountable. No matter whom you make your deputy—one man, or many—sect, clique, or community, you alone are responsible. There is a religious discussion going on just now, avowedly within one denomination—actually in the whole Christian world. The true question involved is: "Shall a man think for himself, or may he sleep and let others think for him?" And the importance of the question supplies the reason why book follows book in the matter, and each finds purchasers. The result it is impossible not to predict. Man *may* and man *will* think for himself. He would *speak* always, too, as well as *think* of it, were it not for our American Tyrant.

What then is this great American Tyrant? Public Opinion. The worst tyrants have punished actual mischiefs, thieves, murderers, breakers of the peace. So far was their authority legitimate, and its exercise laudable and necessary. Mr. Public Opinion is a tyrant or not—but it is not as he chooses, but as you choose. You have no right to fly in his face by the commission of crime—there is no independence in that, or if there be, it is the same that Satan urged upon his angels. You have no right to do an unenlightenly thing, though the written law support you in it—and the more Public Opinion lashes you for such an offence, the better. But all this time you are to recollect that Public Opinion is neither infallible or immortal. It may err with every community, and it does die out with every generation. It is like Aaron's Calf—a beast of an idol when set up for worship—very excellent fine gold when tried and used in its legitimate shapes and purposes, and estimated at its just worth, and no more.

AUTHOR OF CHARCOAL SKETCHES.

We have just been looking at a proof of a most admirable likeness of Joseph C. Neal, Esq., the popular author of "Charcoal Sketches," which has been done for "Graham's Magazine,"—in the December number of which work it will appear. It is from the burin of Welch & Waller, of this city, after a miniature by Insley, and is one of the most finished likenesses we have seen—possessing all the characteristics of the man. It does great credit to the Artists. The painting from which it was executed, is perhaps, one of the most faithful portraits ever painted, as it has been the wonder among artists of the city ever since its execution. The engraving preserves all the spirit of the painting, and may be regarded as a triumph in art.

The series of portraits in Graham's Magazine of the most accomplished literary persons of the country, must impart a high value to the work, aside from its established literary merit. This is the tenth of the series, and will be followed by Mrs. Ann. Miss Brooks, Mrs. Stephens, J. Fenimore Cooper, Judge Conrad, Joseph R. Chandler, and a host of others whose portraits are now in the hands of artists.

ANOTHER AGRICULTURAL FETE.

The Annual Exhibition of the Philadelphia Society for Promoting Agriculture, will be held on Wednesday and Thursday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at the Lamb Tavern, on the Lancaster Turnpike Road, one mile west of the Schuylkill Permanent Bridge. The Ploughing Match, to test the qualities of the Ploughs, as well as Ploughmen, will take place on Friday, the 6th of October. Every arrangement has been made to contribute to the convenience both of exhibitors and spectators, and a great day is counted on.

PRECIOUS SOLDIERS.

The Emperor Nicholas, of Russia, has ordered, in accordance with the suggestions of his ministers, that all persons who have been long taken in the act of picking pockets, shall be, for the benifit of the districts in which they belong, incorporated into the regiments. He must have a great idea of elevating the character of the service.

TERRIFIC STORM, AND LOSS OF LIFE IN FLORIDA.

An extra from the office of the "Star of Florida," published at Tallahassee on the 16th instant, brings accounts of a most destructive storm, accompanied by loss of life and property, which occurred there and in the vicinity, on the 13th instant. At Tallahassee the damage was not very great, though several houses were prostrated and the chimnies of others blown down. The roads in every direction were blocked up by falling trees. The town of Port Leon, is literally in ruins. The tide made a breech over the town ten feet deep—every warehouse in the place, with one exception, was flat with the ground, and nearly every dwelling was in a like condition. St. Marks suffered to a like extent. At Port Leon, one negro only was drowned, but at the Light House fourteen lives were lost, viz:—Captain M. C. Robertson, his wife and three children, and a child of Dr. Tradewell's. Mr. Joseph Wood, a portrait painter from Tallahassee, a child of R. V. Buffins, and five negroes.

The Star adds: "In addition to the above, we have learned that the family of Mr. Edward Walker, living in Shell Point, wife, children, and five or six negroes, all perished. Mr. Walker himself escaped by clinging to the branches of a tree, till the waters subsided. It is also stated that there are several other persons living on this point, who have not been heard from, and of whose safety great doubts are entertained. There are also several families from this county, in summer quarters on James Island, on whose account much anxiety is felt. Indeed such was the violence of the winds, and the height to which the tide rose, that our imagination can scarcely fix limits to its ravages. Cedar Keys, Apalachicola, St. Joseph, can scarcely have escaped without much damage."

FIRE IN DANVERS.

We regret to learn that the beautiful and thriving town of Danvers, Mass., has suffered sadly. About midnight of Thursday week, a fire broke out in W. Berry's wheelwright shop in Danvers, Mass., which was most destructive in its effects. We subjoin some of the particulars viz:—buildings consumed—New South Church, value 8000 dollars; Essex Coffee House, do. 8000 dollars; Stable, appurtenant, do. 2000 dollars; Andrew Lunt, two shoe factories and wheelwright's shop, do. 2400 dollars; Jonathan Dustin's two grocery stores and dwelling house, do. 2500 dollars; John Dodge's shops, do. 1000 dollars; Caleb Lowe's dwelling house, occupied by four families, do. 2000 dollars; Misses Foster's house, do. 1000 dollars; Miss Very's house, do. 300 dollars; Haley Morse's house, do. 2500 dollars; G. Jacob's barn, do. 300 dollars. Personal property in the several stores of J. Dustin, B. Goodridge, C. Lambert & Co. and others including dwellings, cannot be less than 20,000 dollars—total amount 50,000 dollars. There is reason to hope that there is effectual insurance to the amount of 20,000 dollars on the above.

NATIONAL REPEAL CONVENTION.

This body assembled in New York last week, about two hundred delegates from various Repeal Associations being present. Robert Tyler, Esq., was chosen President of the Convention, supported by thirteen Vice Presidents and four Secretaries. An address to the people of the United States was reported and adopted, on the third day. The history of the wrongs endured by Ireland through her connection with England is related at length, and the various objects referred to, which are to be accomplished by the abrogation of that tie. After the reading of the address, Mr. Tyler returned his thanks for a vote of thanks, and the Convention adjourned *sine die*.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

The steamer Columbia arrived at Boston last week, with fifteen days later intelligence, but not in season for the whole of the edition of the Post. There was in the news, however, nothing of striking interest which is not embraced in the letter of our own correspondent, which appears in this day's paper. Business was improving—crops looked promising—cotton had advanced a shade—and the Queen of England had visited France. For the rest, vide our correspondent's letter.

TREASURY NOTES.

It is stated that there are yet a large number of Treasury Notes in circulation, notwithstanding the loss of interest now attending them. They are probably retained as a means of remittance, and may be worth more for that purpose, than the interest would make up to those using them in that way. Nothing is said, however, of their convenience as affording facilities for the transfer of money from honest men's pockets to rogues, by uncancelled-cancelled notes and forged ones.

AN EXAMPLE.

Michael, who appears to have taken the place in the Boston papers, which was filled by the late lamented Bass, has given it as his opinion that President Tyler is forthwith bound to follow Louis Philippe's example. The French king sent his son to invite Victoria to call on him at Eu. The American President is in duty bound to send the author of Ahasuerus and Medurin's Dream, to invite the Queen of England to partake of a sherry cobbler at the Rip Raps.

NEW ORLEANS.

The New Orleans Republican, of a late date, says:—We have it on the best medical authority, that the fever has clearly assumed the form of an epidemic. The cases in private practice are very numerous, and we are joined to state that our streets too frequently present tokens of the journey of mortality to the house appointed for all living." The disease has also assumed a more malignant type than it presented during the earlier part of the season."

BETTER.

Mr. Severance, editor of the Kennebec Journal, says if he has failed of his election to Congress, he has been elected chairman of the committee to assist, to report at the great cattle show in October; and this he considers will not be quite so dirty a business as some which is done by M. C's. More than half right there. By the way we notice that a Massachusetts Committee on the above subject is conversed with one exception of the Messrs. Bacon.

DELICATE FRUIT.

The editor of the Detroit Advertiser was a short time since presented with a watermelon, which he says weighed a trifle less than ninety-eight pounds. The shell, he adds, was large enough for a yawl boat. In estimating the weight of this melon, something depends on what the Detroit man considers a trifle. Ninety-seven pounds and eight ounces would be a trifle to Daniel Lambert, and a walnut would make a yawl boat for a fairy.

PROFITABLE EXCHANGE.

It is not often that an office holder likes to be superseded; but there are cases when it is rather pleasant. Dabney S. Carr, Esq., naval officer of Baltimore, furnishes a case in point. It is stated that he has been tendered the out of the naval office, worth 2500 dollars, and returned into the mission to Constantinople, worth 6000 dollars. This is a sort of rotation in office to which no office holder would object.

THE CAUSE.

The Grand Jury of the City and County in their late presentment, state that nearly all the crimes of the city and county of Philadelphia is the result of drunkenness, engendered in tippling houses, oyster cellars and gambling houses. It needed no ghost from the grave to tell us this;—and no special action of the jury was requisite to set forth that to which nearly every criminal indictment is testimony.

THE ELECTION.

The general election in this State takes place on the 10th of October, and as the law of the State requires voters to be assessed at least ten days before the election, Saturday of this week closes the opportunity. Those citizens, then, who desire to exercise their privilege, and are not sure that they are regularly registered, have no time to lose in making an examination of the published assessors' lists.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.

An interesting child, about six months old, daughter of Deacon Moses Wheelock, of Barre, Mass., lost her life on the 19th inst., in a most singular manner. An attendant left the room where she was lying quietly on a bed, and returning in a few minutes, the child was found to have crept to the side of the bed near the wall, and slid off. Her body passed between the bed and the ceiling, through an aperture not big enough to admit her head, and she remained suspended by the chin until life was extinct.

Horticultural.

ANNUAL EXHIBITION BY THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

On the 20th and two following days the poetry of the products of the cultivation of the earth was exhibited in the Great Saloon of the Museum in this city. Plenty almost oppressive to the thoughts and to the eye, was relieved by an arrangement at once neat and tasteful. The ornaments as designed by each contributor, were happily blended into one harmonious, yet various whole, by the skilful tact of the committee. The coup d'œil from whatever point it was viewed, was in truth, most enchanting. The scene looked a perfect paradise of Ceres, Flora, and Pomona. In the centre of the large apartment, a skilfully constructed fountain threw its refreshing influences on all around, the waters flashing in the light, as if rejoiced to escape from their city prison, into this Eden so like their source; and tinkling sweet music as they dropped into the basin, which even to an unpoetic ear, might seem the utterance of placid joy—the very voice of Nature.

Those whom correct appreciation of vegetables—the *utile*—attracted to the exhibition, paid visits again and again by day. Those who worship flowers and fruits—the *dulce*—came also in the day season; but there were not a few who repeated their visits at the close of each day, and these were many more who frequented the Hall at no other time than the evening. The blush on the rose—and the whiteness of the lily are beautiful—but the reflection of the lily, and the rose in the living purity of character and face, and the living blush of modesty and innocent enthusiasm are fairer than all. So thought all and singular the bachelors, and—confound them—by their crowding in the train of these living blossoms, they did not in the evening give a mere matter of fact stenographer of egg-plants and grapes—pears and potatoes—peaches and blood beets—a chance to look at a pumpkin.

In our last week's paper we noticed the various prominent ornaments. To day we complete the record of the Exhibition, by giving the list of premiums, which were awarded as follows:

Premiums.—*For Native Grapes*—not less than six bunches:—best Isabella, 3 dollars, Nathan Mehlenon, next best do., 2 dollars, Alfonso L. Felton; best Board or Powell, 3 dollars, Townsend Hilliard; next best do., 2 dollars, William Hunt; best best do., 2 dollars, General Patterson; best Elsinborough, 3 dollars, Mrs. Browning; next best do., 2 dollars, Townsend Hilliard.

Foreign Grapes, raised in the Open Air.—Best black or red Hamburgh, four bunches, 5 dollars, Peter Shuster; Hamburghs, four bunches, 3 dollars, George Morris; Chasselas, four bunches, 3 dollars, Thomas Robins; White Gravesinge, four bunches, 3 dollars, Dr. John Benton, of another variety, four bunches, 3 dollars, J. W. Blanchard.

Foreign Grapes, raised under Glass, without Artificial Heat.—Best, not less than four bunches, five dollars, John Sherwood; next best, not less than four bunches, three dollars, Wm. Cone.

Foreign Grapes, raised under Glass, with Artificial Heat.—Best, not less than four bunches, five dollars, Joshua Longstreth; next best, not less than four bunches, three dollars, John Sherwood.

Best Peaches, not less than one peck, three dollars, Daniel Haseltine.

Next best do. do. do., two dollars, Wm. Jones.

Best do. do. two but, two dollars, Allen Jones.

Best do. do. one bush, two dollars, Alice Jones.

Next best do. do. do. five dollars, J. T. Baird.

Best Seeded Pears, not less than one peck, three dollars, Wm. S. Harris.

Next best do. do. do., two dollars, H. Rumey.

Best Butter do. do. do., two dollars, G. Pepper.

Next best do. do. do., two dollars, J. Ballinger.

Best Bartlett Pears, not less than half a peck, three dollars, J. W. Sanderson.

Best Pears, of another variety, not less than one peck, three dollars, John B. Smith.

Next best do. do., two dollars, John B. Smith.

Best and most numerous named varieties of Pears, five dollars, I. B. Mantel, New York.

Next best do. do., three dollars, Marshall P. Wilder, Massachusetts.

Best Apples, not less than one peck, two dollars, H. N. Johnson.

Next best do. do., one dollar, Miss Gratz.

Best do. do., one bushel, three dollars, J. C. Zane.

Next best Apples, not less than one bushel, two dollars, George B. Deacon.

Best and most numerous named varieties of Apples, five dollars, Thomas Hancock.

Best Quinces, not less than half a peck, Dr. S. Harris, Camden, three dollars.

Next best Quinces, not less than half a peck, Edward Smith, Camden, two dollars.

Best Nectarines, not less than one dozen, Mrs. Canan, three dollars.

Best Plums, not less than two dozen, Samuel R. Simmons, three dollars.

Next best Plums, not less than two dozen, Frederick Brown, two dollars.

Best Watermelons, not less than three in number, J. C. Hahn, three dollars.

Next best Watermelons, not less than three in number, J. T. Hahn, two dollars.

Best Nutmeg Melons, or variety thereof, not less than three in number, Horace Binney, two dollars.

Best Potatoes, not less than one bushel, J. H. Lippincott, N. J., two dollars.

Next best Potatoes, not less than one bushel, Samuel Cooper, one dollar.

Sweet Potatoes, do. do., two dollars, H. J. Foss, Salem Co., N. J.

Best Onions, not less than four dozen, two dollars, Thomas H. Ward, N. J.

Best Cabbage, not less than six heads, three dollars, J. Riley, Gardener to Jefferson Hospital.

Next best do. do. do., two dollars, Anthony Felton.

Best Red Cabbage, do. do., three dollars, Thomas Lees, Cedar Grove.

Best Carrots, garden culture, two dozen, two dollars, Anthony Felton.

Best Lettuce, not less than six heads, two dollars, Anthony Felton.

Best best do. do. do. one dollar, Jacob Engleman.

Best Endive, blanched, not less than six heads, two dollars, Samuel Cooper.

Best Squash, not less than two dozen, two dollars, Anthony Felton.

Best display of Honey, three sections, Jeremiah Comfort, Montgomery Co.

Next best do., two dollars, J. Lacmaster, Burlington, N. J.

For the best twenty named varieties of Dahlias, three dollars, Gerhard Schmitz.

For the next best twenty named varieties of Dahlias, two dollars, Wm. Poston, gardener, to General Patterson.

For the best American seedling particolored Dahlia, three dollars, Gerhard Schmitz.

For the best American seedling self-colored Dahlia, three dollars, Gerhard Schmitz.

For the best ten named varieties of Dahlias, grown by Amateurs, three dollars, Gerhard Schmitz.

For the best Dahlia, grown by Amateurs, two dollars, Gerhard Schmitz.

Best and most appropriate design, formed of cut flowers, &c., for Rose Bank Monument, twenty dollars, Andrew Bryhmyer.

Next best do. do. Grotto, fifteen dollars, Joseph Cook, gardener to Wm. Norris.

Next do. do., ten dollars, Alexander Cain, gardener to Mrs. Cainor.

Best pair of Wreaths for festooning, ten dollars, Mrs. Archibald Henderson.

Best Bouquet, "Basket Form," five dollars, Robert Kensington.

Next best Bouquet, three dollars, Wm. Chalmers, Sen.

SPECIAL PREMIUMS.

For an Arbor, a premium of ten dollars, to Samuel Massey.

For a Greenhouse Design, eight dollars, to H. & A. S. Ulrs.

For a Sofa Table Flower or Garden Design, five dollars, to John Gask, gardener to Samuel B. Comfort, Montgomery county.

For the model of the Duke of Bridgewater's Canal Monument, seven dollars, to Wilson Carroll, gardener at the Haverford College.

For the Park Entrance, etc., eight dollars, to George Dunn, gardener to Winston Chancellor.

For the small design of a Temple and Flower Garden, five dollars, to James Pratford.

For the Arched Grotto design, four dollars, to Henry A. Dreer.

For the Log Cabin Design, three dollars, to Michael Mills, gardener to David S. Brown.

To a Bouquet of Seedling Verbenas, three dollars, to John J. Jennings.

For Basket of Flowers and Bouquets, five dollars to Miss Fretwell.

For a fine Vase of Flowers, three dollars, to Gen. Patterson.

For a small Pyramidal design, two dollars, for the best display of Vegetables, three dollars, to Anthony Felton.

For the next best display of Vegetables, two dollars, to Jacob Engleman.

For four displays of Vegetables, two dollars each, to John C. Engleman, Albinus L. Felton.

For four displays of Honey, one dollar each to Charles Lippincott and J. Shoib.

Army & Navy.

STREET DISTURBANCE.—A couple of young men named Enos and Dickens, both of whom are strangers in the city, and one of whom is attached to the U. S. Navy had a ridiculous fight in Chesnut street on Friday week. Enos attacked Dickens with his tongue, and then with a cowhide—Dickens fired a pistol in return, which did no injury, though quite a crowd had collected. Both the foolish young men escaped before the officers arrived—but neither can escape his conscious feeling of shame.

U. S. SHIP FAIRFIELD was at Trieste on the 12th of July. She had recently visited Palermo, Messina, and Ancona, and would remain two weeks at Trieste. After which time she will return to Malaga, touching at Regosa, Corfu, Athens, Tripoli, Tunis and Algiers.

☞ The frigate Savannah has been hauled out into the stream opposite the Navy Yard, New York, and will sail as soon as she receives her complement of men.

☞ The United States brig Somers arrived at Pensacola on the 14th instant, from the Isle of Pines; the officers and crew well.

☞ Orders have been received, at Boston, to get the frigate Potomac and the brig Consort ready for sea.

☞ U. S. Brig Oregon, Lieut. Com. Porter, from Baltimore, arrived at Norfolk on the 21st.

Local Intelligence.

RIOTERS SENTENCED.—In the Court of Quarter Sessions, on Wednesday, the following persons recently convicted of participation in riots were sentenced:

Malcolm Graham and Samuel McReynolds, firemen—nine months imprisonment each.

John Johnson, weaver—one year imprisonment.

Jacob Saihs and James McMinn, firemen—six months imprisonment each.

Peter Fox and Edward Ennis—two years each. These were participants in the riot at Broad and Race street, wherein some Kentucky drovers were beaten.

John Stewart and Joseph Spenger, firemen—thirty days imprisonment each.

SENTENCED.—Two young men, brothers, whose names are Nicholas and Peter Bourlier, were convicted in the Court of Quarter Sessions, on Monday, of a misdemeanor, in setting fire to a grocery store, which they occupied, at the corner of Third and Green. They were sentenced to pay a fine of fifty dollars each, the costs of prosecution, and undergo an imprisonment at solitary confinement and hard labor in the Eastern Penitentiary for three years.

STATE SENATOR.—On Wednesday afternoon, a meeting of the Democratic Delegates was held at Commissioners Hall, N. L., for the purpose of nominating a State Senator, for the unexpired term of Thomas McCully, Esq., nominated to represent the First District in the next Congress. James Ewen, Jr. Esq., was nominated for the office.

A WARNING.—On Monday, the eldest daughter of Mr. William Guyer, grocer, corner of Ridge Road and Spring Garden street, while engaged in domestic affairs, her clothes took fire from a furnace in the yard, and, before assistance could be rendered, she was so shockingly burned that she died in a few hours.

TUNNEL IN MARKET ST.—The proposals for building a sewer in Market street, under the market houses, from Fourth street, to the river Delaware, so as to add to the drainage of that section of the city, having been taken, and the contracts signed, the work of tunnelling is commenced.

ELECTION FOR SENATOR.—Sheriff Porter has received the Speaker's warrant for the election of a Senator to supply the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. McCully. The election is now included in the General Proclamation.

SPRING GARDEN.—On Wednesday, workmen commenced operations on the site for the new Water Works, about to be erected near the Schuylkill river, by the Corporations of Northern Liberties and Spring Garden.

Religious Intelligence.

INSTALLATION.—The installation of the Rev. P. Krauth, as Pastor of the Second English Lutheran Church in Lombard street, Baltimore, took place last week. The exercises were conducted by the Rev. J. G. Morris, Rev. Professor Baugher, and the Rev. S. W. Harkey.

☞ Rev. John Pierpont, Jr., late of the Divinity School of Cambridge, has accepted an invitation to become the Pastor of the Unitarian Church and Society in Lynn. The pulpit of this Society was lately left vacant by the death of the Rev. W. G. Swett.

☞ A Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, is now in session in the city of New York. It is probable that the subject of the late ordination of the Rev. Mr. Carey will be inquired into by the Convention.

NEW CHURCHES.—Dr. Chalmers, moderator of the Scottish Free Church, states in a letter, that six hundred new temples are now needed in Scotland.

General News.

POWDER MILL EXPLOSION.—Part of the works at Dupont's powder manufactories, at Brandywine, exploded last week and one man, named Michael Burl, was killed. The body was blown far across the creek, say 300 yards, and was torn and crushed in a dreadful manner. Mr. Burl, we understand, was a Canadian, and has left a wife and ten children to mourn over his sudden and dreadful death.

☞ On Saturday afternoon of last week, after the steamer South America, for Albany, had left the dock at the foot of Liberty street New York, a German, who was selling sausages to the forward deck passengers, finding that the boat had started, attempted to jump on shore and fell into the water and was drowned before assistance could be rendered.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—The editor of the Louisville Journal learns by a gentleman just from Wheeling, that a stage coach upset about twenty-five miles east of that city, on Wednesday of last week, and that seven persons were more or less injured. It was supposed that a lady and the driver were mortally wounded.

THE REWARD.—The New York Bulletin says that the reward of five th

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Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to seven copies.

Removals must always state the Post Office *removed from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World of Fashion.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Worcester.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, associated by *Messrs. Manley, Lee & Smith, G. H. Comstock, J. R. Hempstead, J. T. Dent and E. V. Armitage.*

SAMUEL R. STEVENSON, assisted by *James H. Stevenson and John F. Johnson*, for Kentucky.

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James B. Whipple, William B. Weld, O. H. P. Stone, and Henry Platt.*

THOMAS SEVEEN is our Travelling Agent in New York.

WILLIAM A. PIER Recollects for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

EARL F. EASTON is collecting for us in Meadville, Illinois, and parts of Wisconsin and Iowa.

ALANSON BILLINGS, of Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorized to obtain new subscribers to Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. *Single copies* may also be had at his store in Nashville.

Notices of New Works.

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, *for October*, is on our table, "beautiful exceedingly!" This periodical is especially devoted to the sex, and we know no one among its rivals equal to it in many respects. In the lateness of its fashions, the variety and novelty of its embellishments, and the peculiarly lady-like tone of its contents, it stands at the head of the magazines of this country devoted to the sex. The present number is richly embellished with a view of "Mount Auburn Cemetery," a bouquet of lilac, magnet &c., colored after nature, a novel and very pretty embellishment; and a plate of fashions printed in carmine. Both these last are quite novelties indeed; it is a feature of this magazine, that, every month, we find in it something entirely original as well as elegant, in the way of illustrations. Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Pierson, Mrs. Annan, Mrs. Embury, and all our first female writers, are permanent contributors to this book; and their names are guarantees for the excellence and refined feminine tone of the articles. We see the publisher promises something entirely novel for the November number. He will be ahead of his work for he has always in his embellishments, intended for that number, such a novelty and such exquisite. We see our contemporaries speak as favorably of this book as we do.

Mr. Peterson has certainly issued an elegant number of this work for October. The embellishments are neat and beautiful, while the following list of contributors, embracing the names of some of our best writers, will afford the reader an idea of the literary contents:—Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, Mrs. Frances S. Osgood, Mrs. Lydia J. Pierson, Mrs. H. Lightfoot, Mrs. M. V. Spencer, Mrs. C. H. Ford, Mrs. E. F. Thomas, Miss Ellen Ashton, Author of "Coming up the Last Way," T. H. Chivers, M. D., Jerome A. Maybie, Henry J. Vernon, T. E. Van Bibber, S. D. Anderson, C. J. Peterson. —*Inquirer.*

Mr. Peterson has given us an excellent number for October. The letter-press contents we have read with some attention, and pronounce them at least equal to those of any other magazine for the month. The "Bouquet," engraved from nature by Mr. Quirie, is one of the most beautiful things of the kind we have seen for a long time. The contributors are among the choicest in the country.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

THE DOUBLE WITNESS OF THE CHURCH.—*By the Reverend Wm. Ingraham Kip, M. A., author of the Lenten Fast.* This is a work which will be highly perused by Episcopalians, as ably written and well-timed. It is intended to maintain Episcopacy, while, at the same time, it defends the ground of the Anglican Church in separating from Rome. On a subject so decidedly controversial, we have no right in this place to give an opinion of the merits of the argument; and shall only say that the work shows much ability, and embodies so much information in brief space, that the church to which it is addressed will find it a most valuable treatise. It is printed in the usual elegant style of its publishers, Appleton & Co. of New York. G. S. Appleton, of Philadelphia.

THE CHURCHMAN WARNED AGAINST THE ERRORS OF THE TIMES. *Edited with notes by the Rev. Henry Ustick. New York: Harpers.*—This is a compilation of extracts from the charges of English Bishops, bearing upon the distinctive points of what is called "Tractarianism" in the Protestant Episcopal Church. It is on sale here at 98 Chesnut street, and also by Zieber & Co. and Perkins and Purves.

THE BANKER'S WIFE, *or Court and City Life Mrs. Gore.* This is a novel written with exceedingly great power in the portraiture of character, and having for its incidents probable and strikingly arranged events and circumstances. It will command as much attention as any recent novel. Zieber & Co., and Perkins & Purves.

FRONTIER.—*Zieber & Co.* No. VII of these curious Chronicles is just received, carrying the work within a few numbers of its completion. A more desirable publication there is not among the serials, and, except at a very great expense it cannot be obtained in any other way.

THE GIFT. *Carey & Hart.*—This elegant annual for 1841 is unsurpassed by any work of the kind which has been published in this country. Preoccupation of our columns delays this work, the extended notice which it deserves.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT in his last number ridiculously exaggerates the disadvantages of Western settlements in this country, picking out as a pattern the worst kind of a fever and ague tract. Perkins & Purves and Zieber & Co.

FARMER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA.—No. 15 of this work has been issued by Carey and Hart. It is accompanied by a plate of destructive insects, most of the subjects of which were furnished originally for the work.

NEW WORKS.—At the Periodical agency, No. 98 Chesnut street, are received Chuzzlewit, Alison, Mrs. Gore's new novel, and all the current serials. Orders for all are promptly answered.

☞ Messrs. Lea and Blanchard's reprint of Chuzzlewit, received by last steamer, has two views of "Eden," one of which at least is not very attractive to settlers.

☞ Zieber has sent us Blackwood for September—the New World supplement, and The True Issue Sustained, another of the Carey pamphlets.

THE TRUE ISSUE SUSTAINED. *98 Chesnut street.* This is a following up of the controversy relative to the late ordinances in New York.

ALISON'S HISTORY.—No. 13 of this celebrated history has appeared, and is for sale at Zieber & Co., and at Perkins & Purves.

THE AGRICULTURAL ALMANAC, for 1841 is a very excellent work of the kind, full of valuable matter. Zieber & Co.

☞ The Musical Library for October, published by Gosley & McMichael preserves its high character.

☞ The Harpers have in press a new tale by Arthur, entitled "Sweethearts and Wives."

THE LADIES' COMPANION, for October, is received by Zieber & Co.

Miscellaneous News.

PICKPOCKETS were, of course, abundant at Rochester, N. Y., on the occasion of the late fair. We have heard of fifteen or twenty men who were sufferereers in this way to amounts varying from five dollars to one thousand or fifteen hundred dollars. A Mr. Cleveland, from Wyoming county, was robbed of two thousand dollars which he carried in a belt around his body, at the railroad depot, at Utica, a few days since. Several suspected persons have been arrested for these robberies; but it is one thing to *arrest* and another to *convict*.

BRUTAL MURDER.—A shocking murder was committed at Westfield Society, in Middletown, Conn., on Sunday morning last. Mrs. Bacon, wife of E. Bacon, remained at home while the rest of her family, consisting of her husband and two children, went to church, at Middletown, a distance of three miles. When they returned, they found her lying dead with seven stabs on her person. Two men, named Roberts and Bell, have been arrested on suspicion.

FROM PORT AU PRINCE.—Capt. Robinson, of the brig Wm Nelson, at New York, in 12 days from Port au Prince, reports that all was tranquil at Aux Cayes and Port au Prince when he sailed. The government had imposed one dollar and ten cents extra tonnage duty on all American vessels, and one half of the export duty on coffee had been taken off. This would take effect on the 11th inst.

TOBACCO IN ENGLAND.—According to the London Times, "the quantity of tobacco imported from the United States during the past year, as given in returns just presented to the House of Commons, amounted to 38,618,012 pounds, being a decrease of several thousand pounds, as compared with the preceding year."

PETERSBURGH, VA.—We learn from the Petersburgh, (Va.) Intelligencer, that the manufacturing establishments in that town and its vicinity, are in a very thriving condition. There are eight cotton factories in the town, some of them on a large scale, all in active operation.

FATHERLY.—Recently, a pugilistic fight took place near Stafford, England, between two young men named Beach and Gibson, which ended in the death of the latter. The fathers of the two combatants were present.

☞ We observe by our late London papers that the king of the French had signified his intention to reciprocate the friendly visit of Queen Victoria, by an excursion to England in the course of the present autumn.

Agricultural.

THE FARMER'S SONG.

BY S. D. PATTERSON.

I envy not the mighty king
Upon his splendid throne,
Nor covet his glittering diadem,
Nor wish his power mine own;
For though his wealth and power be great,
And round him thousands bow
With reverence, in my low estate
More solid peace I know.

I envy not the soldier—
May he fill his treasuries
May heaps on heaps before him rise—
And toil and sigh for more;
I want his sorrow, sordid soul!
Dispersion and unrest,
Nor bow beneath the load control
Of wealth's corrupting curse.

Let warriors mount their steeds gaily to go!
Glory glows o'er their sword;
He calm, collected, in the fight,
While thousands round them bleed
I count not their order worth,
Their courage or their fame
These laurels are an empty wreath,
Their glory but a name.

My wants are few, and well supplied
By my productive fields;
I count no luxuries beside,
Save what contentment yields.
More real pleasure mine gives
Than would to fame can bring,
And be a happier lot, who lives
A Farmer, than a King.

NEW YORK STATE AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

On the 29th and two following days of this month was held at Rochester, New York, the Fair of the State Agricultural Society. Twenty-five years ago Rochester was an inconsiderable village in the wilderness, at which the stage did not even stop to change horses—now the centre of a great agricultural country, it picks more than any other city in the world, and has a population of over twenty-five thousand inhabitants. There were at this Fair over thirty thousand persons in attendance and a large portion of them were Farmers from Western New York. Twelve acres of ground were enclosed for the exhibition of cattle and domestic products, and altogether, the festival was one which has never been exceeded in interest and importance in the country.

Among the guests present were Ex-President Van Buren, Mr. Webster, Gov. Bouck, and Ex-Governor Seward of New York, and other distinguished individuals, many of whom were prominent in the proceedings as members of the Society. But the guest who excited more interest than any other, was one who, in speaking of the prosperity of this great Agricultural section, might say in the words of the poet—

"A wretch I was: an out of which I was."

Almost Barlow, of Canandaigua, now ninety-two years of age, raised the first bushel of wheat in Western New York. A living testimony to the efficience of agricultural pursuits in developing and supporting physical and mental health and vigor, Mr. Barlow, even at this advanced age, seems yet in the full pride of manly strength.

We have not space to give even a notice of all the speeches delivered. Mr. Webster made a long and able speech, in which he inculcated, as the thread of his discourse, a defence of the protective policy, but declared that the "Agriculture of this country is the great matter which demands Protection. It is a monstrous, but continued, "to talk about the Protection of Manufactures: that is not the thing we want or need: it is for Agriculture of the Country." This, he maintained, was to be effected by furnishing a home market, and a near market: and therein he argued back to the protection of other branches of industry, as furnishing that market. In his speech there was none of the asperity with which he might himself, on a purely political occasion, have defended me among many interests, and in the conclusion of it he said:

"Gentlemen, I will proceed no farther. I say the time has come when we must attend to things, things, verses. I say the time has arrived when we must give up the enchantment of names and attend to the great interests of commerce and agriculture,—when men must be sunk —and I am willing to sink, and it will be no great sinking either! (Laughter.)—when things must be regarded, necessaries regarded, and names disregarded: and though I am not one to give up opinions lightly and without occasion, the time has arrived for practical measures; when we must attend to the things which belong, I had almost said, to our peace —if it did not appear in some set posture to apply to ordinary affairs words made sacred by a higher meaning; but I will say to the things which belongs to our interest. We must be practical—we must look at things—we must see the results of measures and the bearing of every thing that relates to the interests of all classes of people in the United States. For, gentlemen, we may be sure that, however local feelings may prevail, we shall all, when we approach the close of life, regard every thing with satisfaction which we have done under the impulse of a large, a broad American feeling: and we shall look with regret on every thing contracted or personal or local which the interests of individuals may have led us to cherish in our hearts. (Cheers.) Let us remember, then, gentlemen, that our interests are the common interests of the United States Let us remember that there is not a man in the Union, from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains, from Maine to Mississippi, in whose interest and welfare and political rights we are not concerned. Let us have souls and hearts and minds big enough to embrace the great Empire which God has given us. (cheers) and while conscious that beneath his beneficent rule we enjoy distinguished blessings, religious and civil and social, such as have been showered upon no other men on the face of the Earth, let us go boldly on determined, now and forever, living and dying, to be fully American, American altogether!"

Mr. Webster sat down amid deafening applause: but at the subsequent part of the evening made another and a shorter speech, a report of which we take from the Tribune, as it is directly interesting in our own State.

Mr. Knott, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society, having proposed the health of the Chairman of one of the important Committees —Mr. Gowen, of Pennsylvania

Mr. Gowen, in reply, spoke of the long and difficult journey he had performed for the purpose of attending the Fair—of the Philadelphia Agricultural Society, with which he was connected, and pronounced a high eulogium upon the late Judge Peters, who, he said, shed a lustre upon everything he did. ("That he did," that he did," said Mr. Webster.) He spoke of the emotions excited in his mind by what he had seen of the unbounded prosperity of the great State of New York. He was forced, he said, to contrast its condition with that of his own State,—and spoke of the neglect in Pennsylvania of her agricultural interests, of the calamitous legislation by which she was afflicted, of the great debts she had incurred, and of the deep disaster in which she appears to be sunk. ("Oh, you'll get out of it, you'll get out of it," said Mr. Webster.) We are thought to be neither able nor willing to pay our debt. ("God knows you are, both *able* and *willing*," said Mr. Webster.) We are both, if our government would let us do it. ("That's it—that's it," said Mr. Webster.) On our whole statute book there is not a single act which favors the interest of agriculture. Mr. Gowen spoke somewhat further of the general causes of the embarrassments of Pennsylvania, of the ruinous taxes which were imposed upon her citizens, while neither principal nor interest of her great debt was paid, of the evils of the excessive party spirit which governed her councils, and concluded by offering the following toast:

THE FREE STATE—NEW YORK.—Let the brightest flower in her chaplet ever be culled by the hand of agriculture."

MR. WEBSTER'S SECOND SPEECH.

Mr. Webster, after this toast had been given and received with loud applause, rose and said:

"May I be permitted, gentlemen, to occupy your attention for a few moments again—or have I already exhausted your patience? (Loud cries of "no," "go on," "go on.") I am not entitled to be heard here to any great extent; (cries of "yes you are,") we're always glad to hear you, &c.) but the suggestions of the gentleman from Pennsylvania have called my mind to a topic, in my judgment, of overwhelming importance to the union and credit of our common country. Mr. President and gentlemen,—what is the credit and character of this glorious country in which we all belong abroad? We are rich; we are powerful; we have all the means of accomplishing whatever ordinary human desire can embrace. But what is our credit? And I am not one of those who are disposed to complain of or to stigmatize in any way the efforts of the States of this great Union, who have sought for loans abroad to carry on their enterprises and improvements which their sense of utility has projected. In the country I think that the circumstances of the times and the necessities of the case, may justify at least to a considerable extent, the engagements into which some of the States, especially the Western States, have entered abroad. Among those which have thus justifiably become involved is the State of Pennsylvania, the richest State in the Union, in my judgment—perhaps I ought to except New York—but taking her material, commercial and agricultural facilities into consideration, I don't know, on the face of the Earth, excepting England, a richer State than the State of Pennsylvania. ("Take off her debt," said Governor Seward.) My friend Governor Seward says take off her debt. Her debt—her debt! What can be the debt of a State like Pennsylvania that she should not be able to pay it—that she cannot pay it if she will but take from her pocket the money that she has in it?—

England's debt is regarded upon her very soil; she is bound down to the very earth by it, and it will effect England and Englishmen, to the fifth generation. But the debt of Pennsylvania—the debt of Illinois—the debt of any States in the Union: amounts not to a sixpence in comparison. (Cheers.) Let us be American—but let us stand, as we despise the character of an acknowledged insolvent community. (Cheers.) What importance is it what other nations say of us—and what they think of us—if they can even think of us? Do they care one dollar? (Loud applause.) Now, gentlemen, I belong to Massachusetts—but if I belonged to a deeply indebted state—I'd work these two fingers to their stumps, I'd hold plough, I'd drive plough, I'd do both, before I should be said of the State to which I belonged that *she did not pay her debts*." (Loud cheers.) That's the true principle—let us act upon it, (cheers,) let us "go it" to its full extent! (Loud, long continued and loud applause.)

Let us say to them "posture your loan and take your vessels, principal and interest. All of us, and take your money. (Applause.) Let us say to them—we are not your slaves—we are not paupers: we will not be your debtors: we will not produce your bond—have is your money—take it." (This was followed by repeated and deafening cheers.) And until that is done, my friends, you and I cannot feel as if we could draw a free breath. I don't want to be indebted to the capitalists of Europe. If we owe them anything, let them produce their bill. If my professional earnings are of any worth, if they are wanted—if my farm is wanted, if the convenience of life for myself, for my wife and children are wanted, so far as I am concerned, so far as America is concerned, come and take them! (Cheers.) That's the right ground to take, and let us take it. In the North and South, in the East and West, if there live any who are descended from the Fathers of the Revolution, any in whose veins runs a drop of their blood, and in whose hearts lives a patriotic of their proud spirit, let them rise up and say that it we owe Europe, Europe shall be paid. (Loud and repeated cheers.) I wish to breathe the breath of an independent man. A citizen of a proud and honored country. I abhor the idea that my duty happiness is to be married by the consciousness that any thing disgraceful hangs on the country or any part of it. Let us, gentlemen, be proud of our country. Let us be prepared for that country the character of a just and a debt-paying nation. Let it never be said amongst the nations of Europe that the United States of America—the nation that had its birth in the glorious scenes of '76—the country of Washington—the example and great type of all modern Republics cannot or will not pay its debts!"

Mr. Webster sat down amid the loud and most enthusiastic applause of the assembly after which were given three deep and sepulchral groans for Repudiation.

Mr. Gowen said that when he adverted to the debt of Pennsylvania, he did it in no spirit of despondency. Pennsylvania will pay her debts—she will pay them, but she must first sink her party spirit and break her party discipline. Give us a legislature of practical men —give us a legislature made up of *Farmers*, such as have attended this great meeting, and my word for it, she will in less than ten years have paid every item of her oppressive debt.

Latest Fashions.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.—CAPS.—Morning caps are getting more in favor, as the mornings get cooler. They continue to be of a small size and worn rather back ward on the head: they are chiefly composed of tulle and lace. Although flowers may be adopted for morning caps, they are but seldom used, ribbon being considered in better taste.

BONNETS.—Those of paille de riz have lately appeared, trimmed with a light colored scarf of white figured gauze or crape, and trimmed with very light-looking flowers: these are mostly worn for afternoon toilette. For morning bonnets, nothing can be more prettier than those composed of "illusion tulle," in reserved folds placed at distances, and decorated with fanciful flowers, interspersed with buds and leaves.

HATS.—Large Italian straws are now much worn: they are chiefly decorated with corn flowers, others with plumes curtelles, in weeping plumes, this style of hat allowing of almost any kind of trimming. Others are simply decorated with broad velt looking taffeta ribbons, either of a verdant green or deep blue. These hats have a very distinguished appearance when the long veil is attached, and which is now so much in vogue.

CURACAO.—Those of the Josephine form are mostly for the redingote style of dress, being cut half high at the back, and opening in the form a lengthened heart in the front part at the waist. The corsages a Lucrece, which resemble in some measure the corsages a la vierges, are also universally adopted, comprehending under this name a lowly with two gorgings round the top and bottom of the waist; the others having straight aquilets, and made plain in heavy textures and in folds when composed of lighter materials.

ROBES DE CHAMBRE.—Our elegantes adopt a more negligee style of dress. For a morning toilette, the lady is made high, the back full and forming a kind of fan at the waist, the front of the corsage edged with broad facings forming bavaroises, which crosses in the front, or not, according to the taste of the wearer: the skirt is made open and edged to match with facing: an embroidery in soutache, or chain work, decorates all the facings as well as the collar. The sleeves loose and demi long: underneath this robe de chambre is worn a chemisepagnon, the fronts to match the lower part of a chemise beneath me the opening trimmed with a full of Valenciennes lace, giving it the appearance of chemisette pantaine: the sleeves fixed a la religieuse with facings turned up and is sometimes of white, perhaps better, a clear wool tartan.

EVENING DRESS.—The most elegant are those made in white organdie a double jupe embroidered an entrelacs, in plain designs, and having a peak satin ribbon drawn through the broad hems which surround the edge of the skirts and encircles the bottle in the corsage. White burgess, very fine in their texture are now much worn, trimmed with two or three fond flounces or festoons, and edged with a very fine light kind of fringe, made of silk, mixed with cashmere wool: others are simply placed en feston plain. Some are charming when ornamented with four or five hand tucks or folds, with short sleeves, and berthe frisks, encircled with an embroidery in cashmere wool a jour, and a narrow fringe forming a festoon.

COLORS.—The colors are still much the same, violet, lilac, green, and the cuirassine, being still the most prominent.—*London World of Fashion.*

CONSTIPATION OF THE BOWELS, or costiveness, headache giddiness pain in the side and breast, nausea and sickness, variable appetite, yellow or sallowness complexion, &c., are the usual symptoms of Liver Complaint. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are always certain to remove the above complaint, because they purge from the body those morbid humors which are the cause not only of all disorders of the liver, but of every malady incident to man. A single trial will prove their worth. Still in all cases, perseverance will most assuredly drive every particle of disease from the body. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills also completely cleanse the stomach and bowels of all bilious and other humors, and therefore are a certain cure for cholic dysentery, cholera morbus, and other disorders of the intestines.

The unparalleled success which has attended the use of the Indian Vegetable Pills has induced many unprincipled wretches to manufacture a spurious article, which they endeavour to palm off on the unsuspecting. To guard against the imposition of these designing knaves, observe the following caution:

☞ Be sure and ask for Wright's *Indian Vegetable Pills*, neatly printed on the sides of the boxes, and that of the word *Wright* a cannot be found, all is positively wrong.

☞ *Observe*.—Purchase only of the advertised agents, or at the office and general depot, No. 169 Race street, Philadelphia, and be particular to ask for *Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills*.

PATENTS, DON'T NEGLECT YOUR CHILDREN!—Thousands of children annually become lost or exposed to out of discharges of matter from the ears, in consequence of the Scrofula, &c. Now, if mothers would do their duty, and procure Sanger's *Oil for Deafness*, and use it as directed, their children would be cured: but if neglected, the discharge continues very consumptive, the hearing gradually grows worse, and finally partial or total deafness ensues. Attend to this, and your children will bless you. This invaluable medicine is sold by R. H. Sanger, No. 120 North Second street, and by E. P. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Phila

HEALTH OFFICE, SEPTEMBER 7th, 1840.

INTERMENTS

In the City and Districts for the week ending Monday Morning, 7th inst. Reported at the Health Office, and Mayors Office, Philadelphia.

From the 31st to the 31st of September.

Apoplexy	0	Hooping cough	0
Burns	0	Dysentery	1
Cancer	2	Inflammation of the Brain	0
Consumption	6	Do. Lungs	1
Cholera Infantum	0	Do. Stomach	0
Cholera Morbus	0	Inflammation of the Bowels	1
Croup	0	Do. Liver	0
Do. Lungs	1	Do. Womb	0
Dropsy	0	Inflammation of the Kidneys	0
Dropsy in the Head	1	Do. Throat	0
Drowned	0	Intemperance	0
Disease of Heart	0	Intussusception	0
Do. Liver	0	Mania a Potu	0
Do. Kidneys	0	Marasmus	0
Do. Throat	0	Old Age	0
Do. Womb	0	Palsy	0
Fever	0	Pleurisy	0
Do. Bilious	0	Rheumatism	0
Do. Remittent	0	Small Pox	0
Do. Scarlet	0	Tetanus	0
Do. Typhoid	0	Unknown	0
Do. Typhus	0		
Fits	0	Total	20
Gravel	0		

Of the above there are 5 from the almshouse, 1 from the country, and 10 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health.

SAMUEL F. MARKS Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	Weather.	12 o'clock.	7 o'clock.
Sept. 27		72	72
28		72	68
29		70	66
30		71	70
31		70	70
1		70	70
2		70	70

FALL FASHIONS.

THE SUBSCRIBER HEREBY INFORMS the patrons and others that Isabell and Sister Report and Plate are now ready for delivery. The Report contains sketches of all the various fashionable styles, never had a greater variety than will be worn this fall. Also, Plate of the Josephine Corsage, Three Quarter Sleeve, Two Pelerine, the Ornamental Neck, the Training and Riding Coat, the various kinds of Frock Coats, Vests &c. with a list of the most fashionable goods to wear this fall and coming winter. The Plate of Fashions contains twenty figures some accurately drawn and elegantly coloured, and for the accommodation of those who do not like the system of cutting, we have prepared a large pattern sheet with full sized drafts and also printed directions. The sheet contains drafts of all the most fashionable wearing apparel, such as Dress Coat, Sacque, Pelerine, Pantaloons and Vests. Terms—For the pattern sheet and illustrations, with the plate $4.00 per year, or $5 per copy. Systems of cutting $5 per year.

J. MAHAN

No. 214 Chesnut street, Philadelphia Pa.

N. B. The draft sheets alluded to is the exact size for Henry Clay, the measures having been taken by the gentleman for whom it was drafted, when on a visit through the west. sep 26-1*

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

633 shares	Girard Bank	37
175 do.	Kittanning Bank	3
300 do.	United States Bank	3
150 do.	Commercial Bank, Cincinnati	75
110 do.	Pittsburgh Navigation Co.	38
60 do.	Mine & Mec. Bank	13
44 do.	Pennsylvania Bank	134@37
28 do.	Philadelphia Bank	69@70
23 do.	Kentucky Bank	65
10 do.	Spring Garden Insurance Co.	3
6 do.	Tar and Mec. Bank	3½
$20,000	State 5's,	89@89½
$10,000	Pittsburgh 6's, 1847,	87
$5,000	Washington 6's, 1848,	87
$300	Camden & Amboy 6's,	111
$6,000	United States 6's, 1862,	111
$3,000	Tenn. 5 per cent. Bonds,	80
$1,000	Reading Bonds,	81
$5,000	State 6's, 1845,	101
$1,000	City 6's, 1859,	101
$515.75	State 6's, annual now,	101
$1000	United States 6's, 1862,	111
$4,000	Tenn. Bonds,	80

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Flour—The market has been inactive generally. In the early part of the week sales were made at various prices for a limited extent, $4½, 4.49 and 4.50 were the latter price; on Tuesday 1000 bbls. 4.50 Brandywine at $4.56; 300 of wagon at $4.61. Rye flour has been generally sold at $3.00. Corn—Sales of 2000 and 3—exports 7,000 bbls. Corn—Sales of Penna. and at 50 to 51c. of Del. flat at 48c. Rye—There have been sales at 90 to 91c. Oats 1 to 2000 bushels have been sold at 28 for Del. and 29 and 30c. for old. Bark—There have been small lots of quercitron sold at $27. Exports 25 bbls. Coffee—The market quiet, sales of 300 bags Rio at 7½@8c. Cuba 8 We have only heard of a sale of 75 bales Upland at Norfolk, and 1 small lot at interior. Other operations are reported. Sugar—Sales 200 hhds. Muscovado at 5½@6c. Molasses—Sales of 30 puncheons Cuba at 28c. Fish—Mackerel No. 1 $9.00 to 10; No. 2 $8.00 to 8.50; No. 3 $6.00. Salted herring 1 to 2½ and shad 3 to 3½. Whiskey—Sales of 200 bbls. Penna. at 23½c. Exports of 30 puncheons of Jamaican at $1.20. Planters—Sales at $2.31. Rice—Sales of 40 casks at $2.00—exports to Liverpool 1,000 bags. Seeds—Sales of Timothy at $2.50 per bushel; 50 bushels at $3, and 40 bags of canary at $2. Grass—Market quiet, sales of 30 bales St. Augustine at 50c. Wool—Sales of 150 bales Saxony at 40c. Whiskey—Sales at 23½@24c.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Sept. 26.—Beef Cattle—1264 Penns. 214 Ohio at market—in lading 380 frozen on to New York, remainder taken by the city trade. Prices—$4 to 5 for inferior to fair quality, 5¼ to 6 for prime, and a few extra prime at $6 per 100 lbs. Cows and Calves—280 at our lot—Sales $25 to 30 per head. Sheep—1200 at our lot—Sales 3½ to 4½ per lb. Hogs—Lots 50 to 60 at 5½ to 6c. Tallow $7.50 to 7.50 per head. Hogs—1,000 at market, principally Penns.; sales 5 to 5½@5¾ per cwt. Sheep—1200 at market—Sales made at $1.25 to 2.50, extra $3.50.

Baltimore, Sept. 25.—There was a very fair supply of beef cattle at market this week, the offerings at the scales yesterday and opposite of the head of which about 250 were sold to the city butchers. The price paid ranged from $5.50@6 per 100 lbs. on the hoof, as to quality, which in regard to about $5@5½ per cwt. Hogs—Lots kept dressed a while. About 300 head had been taken by the butchers at 4c per pound from $4 to 4½ per 100 pounds. There are now 500 to 600 head in market, which are held at the same rates.

Brighton, Mass. Boston, Sept. 18.—At market 700 beef cattle, 350 stores, 3000 sheep, and 1075 Swine. Prices—Beef Cattle—The prices obtained last week were hardly sustained. We quote extra at $4.50, first quality $4@4.25, second quality $3.50@3.75, third quality $3@3.50. Stores—Two years old $8@12, three years old $15@17. Sheep—Lots to peddle, 4c per lb. Swine—Lots to peddle, 3½@4c. Wholesale 3@3½ and 3½. Swine $4@5.

New York, Sept. 25.—At market 1000 beef cattle, 550 milch cows, 40 veal calves, and 7000 sheep and lambs. Prices—Beef Cattle have not received from last week, and we quote unchanged rate for $4 to 5.62½, and several extra at $5.75 to 6. Milch Cows—Sales at $30 to 45. Veal Calves and Calves—Sold at $3@5. Sheep and Lambs—Sold at from 2 to 6½ per lb. Swine—Sold at 4½@5c.

Middlebury, Vt., Sept. 16.—Fat cattle in the local $4 to 4.50 per cwt.; lots and only 2½ are offered by dealers. Store cattle are dull of sale at 2@2½ per head for the market well supplied.

Charleston, Sept. 19.—Cotton—Sales of 3026 bales at 12½c. and 200 "Sea Island" at 25 per lb. Flour has attained to a better price viz—1000 at 1000 bbls—150 at Brandywine at $4.87½. Corn—Sales of 1000 bushels at 85c. Rice—Sales of 100 tierces at $4.12½ per 100 lbs. Bacon—Sales of 10,000 lbs. Hams at 7½c. Lard—Sales of 1000 lbs. at 7½c. Whiskey—Sales of 100 bbls. at 23c. Freights—To Liverpool 1-16d. Bales of 400 lbs. Cotton—To Boston 3-16d. Flour 1s. 3d. per barrel. Rice 1s. per 100 lbs. Cotton—To Havre 1½c. per lb. Flour 25c. per barrel.

Baltimore, Sept. 25.—Flour—Sales from wagons at $4.56. Wheat—Sales of 1,000 bushels at 90c. Corn—Sales of 2,000 bushels at 45c. Whiskey—Sales at 23c. Provisions—Sales of 100 bbls. Mess Beef at $8.50. Sugar—Sales of 200 hhds. Cuba at 6½c. Coffee—Sales of 200 bags Rio at 7½c.

Cincinnati, Sept. 19.—Flour—Sales at 4.25 to 4.37½ per barrel. Corn—Sales at 35c. Whiskey—Sales at 20c. Provisions—Sales of 100 bbls. Mess Pork at $8.50. Lard—Sales at 6c. Bacon—Sales at 5½c.

Alexandria, Sept. 19.—Flour—Sales from wagons at $4.50. Wheat—Sales of 1,000 bushels at 90c. Corn—Sales at 45c. Whiskey—Sales at 23c. Provisions—Sales of 100 bbls. Mess Pork at $8.50. Sugar—Sales of 200 hhds. Cuba at 6½c. Coffee—Sales of 200 bags Rio at 7½c.

Augusta, Sept. 19.—Cotton—Sales of 1,000 bales at 12c. Corn—Sales at 75c. Whiskey—Sales at 23c. Provisions—Sales of 100 bbls. Mess Pork at $8.50. Sugar—Sales of 200 hhds. Cuba at 6½c. Coffee—Sales of 200 bags Rio at 7½c.

Savannah, Sept. 19.—Cotton—Sales of 1,000 bales at 12c. Corn—Sales at 75c. Whiskey—Sales at 23c. Provisions—Sales of 100 bbls. Mess Pork at $8.50. Sugar—Sales of 200 hhds. Cuba at 6½c. Coffee—Sales of 200 bags Rio at 7½c.

Mobile, Sept. 19.—Cotton—Sales of 1,000 bales at 12c. Corn—Sales at 75c. Whiskey—Sales at 23c. Provisions—Sales of 100 bbls. Mess Pork at $8.50. Sugar—Sales of 200 hhds. Cuba at 6½c. Coffee—Sales of 200 bags Rio at 7½c.

New Orleans, Sept. 19.—Cotton—Sales of 1,000 bales at 12c. Corn—Sales at 75c. Whiskey—Sales at 23c. Provisions—Sales of 100 bbls. Mess Pork at $8.50. Sugar—Sales of 200 hhds. Cuba at 6½c. Coffee—Sales of 200 bags Rio at 7½c.

Louisville, Sept. 19.—Flour—Sales at 4.25 to 4.37½ per barrel. Corn—Sales at 35c. Whiskey—Sales at 20c. Provisions—Sales of 100 bbls. Mess Pork at $8.50. Lard—Sales at 6c. Bacon—Sales at 5½c.

St. Louis, Sept. 19.—Flour—Sales at 4.25 to 4.37½ per barrel. Corn—Sales at 35c. Whiskey—Sales at 20c. Provisions—Sales of 100 bbls. Mess Pork at $8.50. Lard—Sales at 6c. Bacon—Sales at 5½c.

Memphis, Sept. 19.—Flour—Sales at 4.25 to 4.37½ per barrel. Corn—Sales at 35c. Whiskey—Sales at 20c. Provisions—Sales of 100 bbls. Mess Pork at $8.50. Lard—Sales at 6c. Bacon—Sales at 5½c.

Nashville, Sept. 19.—Flour—Sales at 4.25 to 4.37½ per barrel. Corn—Sales at 35c. Whiskey—Sales at 20c. Provisions—Sales of 100 bbls. Mess Pork at $8.50. Lard—Sales at 6c. Bacon—Sales at 5½c.

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Nashville, Sept.

Gems from the Poets.

MAN.

The human mind, that lofty thing!
The palace and the throne,
Where Reason sits, a sceptred king,
And breathes his judgment-tone;
Oh! who with silent step shall trace
The borders of that haunted place,
Nor in his weakness own
That mystery and unravel bind
In that lofty thing, the human mind!

The human heart, that restless thing!
The tempter and the tried;
The joyous, yet the suffering,
The source of pain and pride;
The gorgeous-dreamed, the desolate,
The seat of love, the lair of hate,
Self-tortur'd, self-belied!
Yet do we know there as thou art,
Thou restless thing, the human heart!

The human soul, that startling thing!
Mysterious and sublime!
The angel sleeping on the wing,
Or key to the scrolls of Time!
The beautiful, the ordeal, the bound,
The earth-enslaved, the glory-crowned,
The stricken in its prime!
From heaven it soars to earth it sinks
That exulting thing, the human soul!

And this is Man! Oh! ask of him,
The gifted and forgiven,
Where o'er this vision, drear and dim,
The wreck of time are driven,
If pride or passion in their power
Can chain the tide or charm the hour
Or stand in place at heaven?
He bends the bruise, he bows the knee
Creator! Father! none but Thee!

Original Sketch.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

TIM TOUCHANDGO.

The Man who cannot Stop a Minute.

A SKETCH—BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

"Upon my word I can't, not a minute! Stop—why the man will die before I get there, now!" So said Tim, and hurried away at the very top of his speed, as if life in truth depended upon his expedition. Unmistakably he thought so—and indeed in all that he undertook, he was pressed forward, or rather drawn on by the deep seated and habitual impression that the destiny of the nation depended upon his celerity. Stop a minute! The thing was practically unknown to do it but once or twice in his life: and one of those instances was, when he would not wait for a railroad train to come to a standstill. He jumped off—broke a leg in two, and stopped several weeks. Poor fellow! Tiresome weeks were they to him,—and he came out of the doctor's hands as thin as a hatchet. He fretted the flesh off his bones. By long use opposed to quiescence, it would not wait with him, and muscular matter and adipose "thawed and resolved itself" rather than "stop a minute"—much less six weeks!

On this particular day, Tim had been despatched—or had rather despatched himself, for he always shot off impromptu when a swift messenger was required,—for a stomach pump. Pelting and blowing he returned in an incredibly short space of time. He boasted that he had not "stopped a minute." Perhaps if he had stopped when asked, he would not have brought away a corkscrew instead of the article he went for, however, had been disposed to stop a minute, and was exited beyond need of remarks before exit Tim could go and come.

Like Oberon, Tim would at any time have engaged to

"Put a girdle round the earth,
In forty minutes—"

But as he never would stop a single minute to be sure he was right, he would have quite as likely to take a gridiron for the circumnavigation as a girdle, particularly if the two lay near each other. He would engage, like the Leviathan, to swim a league, and not stop a minute to take off his overcoat. He must have been the same man who walked through a plate glass window, the other day, because he would not stop a minute to open the door. His nose and front are ottoman on the panel from any purse's name in Christendom, because he never stops a minute to turn the latch till he has half beaten out his brains in trying to eclipse Hardman a great deal by going straight through a deaf door.

Tim consumes minutes the sense of human ingenuity at present. But his heart, by a natural sympathy, being himself a flying machine, is on that invention over the water, which is to fly in the fine air, but appears, instead of flying, to have learned to set in the air of "Fly on get." Somewhere. Tim would patronize it, because it would ever stop a minute for them to be pas-sufficed. No he falls back on railroads and patronizes them on every possible. He thanks off to distant cities to make purchases, when, if he would but stop a minute to look in the market at home, he would find that he could be served better and cheaper there. Nevertheless, it generally comes to the same thing in the end for he by the time he has had out a bill of goods, which, manufactured in his own city might have been bought there without the cost of transportation, he discovers that he must now stop a week, however, he would not, before starting, stop a minute to be sure that his interest in cousin went in his pocket.

Tim denounces the Postmasters and the publishers of Periodicals vehemently. He has subscribed for the works of many of the latter, but as he never could stop a minute to give a correct address and direction, probably there are some as good reasons why he should not be regularly served, as why he should. He sorry loses his money, because he cannot stop a minute to let it rest: and he might be a dyspeptic, if he only stopped at any point of time long enough for that complaint to make a lodgment.

In the Tim Touchandgo is a busy life exercising living subject of the problem of perpetual motion. If ought to stand in disruption, if he could find long enough for inspection. His unlimited acquaintance does not extend a period of time so that it would be an impossible of examination to that of a kneeling bird. If it were attempted the patient would be compelled to walk in the meantime as a flesh. He does exhibit a dyspeptic-type. The plate runs out of the face with the loss of the eyes, and a whole section of them, like a sheet view of a mink of sunshine. He keep away from moisture for the sun? No, he would run to the world, which, they tell us is merely the millions of miles away.

Tim is married. It is natural to suppose how this could come about—how he could get in one position long enough to make the acquaintance of how, before that comparatively easy acquaintance in the process of making a useful wife and a relative, out of a useless cousin of a bachelor was reached, how, we say, he could have performed the usual first prose of courtship to accept to weigh words at its exact ship to accept. The solution is obvious only think of it.

When the latter wants to put the halter about the neck of her favorite, he will cast home. In wise he is content with a handful of hay. When the will tether round the winter stood to the Pasture he throws his nose in a trice. The sort caught in a fence by a rail who deemed him worth having and was reminded by marrying her to a lover's lane, he would not stop to debate the question, whether it was worth while worth having.

With all his vacillity Tim is very much fairly fortunate. The people love you to and sometimes to the exposure that they is good always to be knocked down with a stick, and if the shafts of misdirected appear to be aimed at the spot where Tim is, it is a comfort to know that they elevate the point where he is not. The quick to err are quick to repair error, and as quick to do well, so that the average of misdoings amount to quite as satisfactory an account as the deliberation of dinner. Busy character is a great deal better than lazy idleness. active nothings are better than inactive nonentities. The man who, like Tim Touchandgo, does wrong, sometimes, from superficial knowledge, when he means to do right, does good as often as ill; and is infinitely better than the deliberate casuist, who finds time to debate how much alloy of evil he can put into his good, without wholly debasing the compound. Commend us to your right minded energetic mortals—who do on occasional wrong, because they will not stop a moment to consider, rather than to your cautious pilegmatics, who weigh consequences—do right from policy, and wrong by proxy—who would not for the world ruin a neighbor's fortune, but at the same time would not save him from another's wiles by a warning, if they thought they could save ten dollars by buying his saddle horse at a Sheriff's sale!

Biographies.

MEHEMET ALI.

The following sketch of the character of Mehemet Ali, which appears in a French paper, will be read with interest:—

Mehemet Ali was born in 1769, at Cavalla, and is now consequently seventy-four years of age. He is short in stature, but strong and still hale, or far from infirmity. His fine forehead and hazel eyes deeply sunk in their sockets, his short moustache, flowing grey beard, and little mouth, make up an ensemble which, though it betrays cunning and duress, yet on the whole, gives him the appearance of a noble and amiable man.

His hands and feet are remarkably well made, and, what is very extraordinary for a Turk, he is incessantly pacing up and down his apartments. He is always remarkably clean and neat in his dress, but never wears any other, nor any of those gorgeous decorations and embroideries which are so much in fashion amongst his countrymen.

The Viceroy is excessively passionate, and can but ill conceal the emotions by which for the time he is agitated; but he has much frankness and good faith, and abhors dissimulation. Extremely sensitive on all points of honor, religiously faithful to his word, he is utterly incapable of committing a dishonorable action. His generosity is unbounded, and frequently borders on prodigality. He is reported to have been a very great admirer of the fair sex, but is an excellent father; and it is painful to witness his anguish when bereaved of any of his numerous children, or any person to whom he is attached.

Glory is his god, and his whole life has been spent in endeavoring to shed a lustre on his name, and to leave behind him a glorious and unsullied reputation. He is very sensitive on the calumnies which the European papers have circulated about him, and causes all of them to be translated and read to him.

Probably there is no man of his age who equals him in indefatigable activity. He always himself just a few hours of repose; rises at four, when he receives reports from his Ministers and dictates his answers. He then reviews his troops, and inspects his shipping and public works. He is endowed with a most wonderful clear-sightedness, which enables him to grapple with his subject and instantly see the bottom of the most intricate questions; and his unerring judgment renders him capable of forming the most just decisions on affairs with which he was previously unacquainted. Repeated illustrations of this are to be met with in the history of his long political career.

Like Cæsar, he is no arithmetician, but his calculations are always correct. He never learnt to read until the age of forty-five, when he commenced studying with all the ardor of a youthful mind. The histories of Alexander and Napoleon were always his favorite subjects. He speaks no foreign language, but such is his perspicacity that, whilst conversing with Europeans, he frequently dispenses with the services of his interpreter, having gained from their eyes and gestures a tolerably correct idea of the subject on which they have been conversing. His great delight is to have some distinguished European or scientific person to converse with.

He is religious without being either a fanatic or a bigot. But he is the first Mussulman sovereign who has afforded to Christians a solemn protection, which he has caused to be solemnly respected. Several Christians enjoy his friendship and confidence; he has given them rank and commands, and has raised them to the dignity of Bey. This, to say above the deep-seated prejudices of his court and people, he has had to struggle against their intrigues and animadversions when they were jealous of the favors which he bestowed upon foreigners.

His arrangements are very simple and primitive—riding and playing at chess or draughts with his officers and inferiors, and sometimes even with private soldiers. At both of these games he is remarkably skilful.

With regard to his warlike qualities, it is only necessary to say, that he rose to be what he is from the ranks by means of his courage and talents. His coolness and fearless intrepidity have frequently hurried him into great danger. But a year or two since, and when attaining his grand age, he did not hesitate to undertake a voyage to Fezzan, upwards of one thousand miles, from his capital, braving the rocks of the Nile, suffering shipwreck, swimming ashore, travelling it on a pace, and pursuing his journey across the trackless sands of the desert, mounted on a dromedary! All is unquestionably one of the most remarkable men of the present age.

SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON.

William Johnson was born in Ireland, about the year 1711; he was a nephew of Sir Peter Warren, the naval commander who distinguished himself at the siege of Louisburg, in 1745. Sir Peter, having married a sister of Chief Justice De Lancey, of New York, purchased a large tract of land on the Mohawk, and about the year 1734, sent for his nephew to come to America and superintend this estate. Young Johnson first established himself at the mouth of the Schoharie, afterwards erected a house in the town of Amsterdam, and subsequently the Hall at Johnstown. To fulfill the duties of his commission, he learned the language of the Indians, studied their manners, and cultivated their acquaintance. His situation between Albany and Oswego presented a fine opportunity for trade, and he carried on a large traffic with them, supplying them with goods, and receiving in return beaver and other skins. By a course of judicious measures he attained an influence over the Indians greater than was ever possessed by any other white man.

In 1741, Johnson was intrusted with the command of the provincial troops of New York, raised for last to Lake George, where was erected the first factory gained on the British soil in this war commencing at that period. For this service, towards which he did but little more than accompany the troops, he received from the King the title of Baronet, and the office of Superintendent of Indian affairs. In 1750, being at the head of the provincial soldiers employed under Gen. Prideaux to besiege Fort Niagara, he became, when that officer was killed, the Commander-in-chief. By his activity and skill he effected the easily and obtained possession of the fort and garrison. In 1760, when General Amherst embarked at Oswego on his expedition to Canada, Sir William brought to him at that place three Indians of the Iroquois or Six Nations, which was the largest number that had ever been sent, in terms at one time in the cause of England.

Sir William Johnson possessed considerable talents as an orator, and his influence over the Indians was not a little owing to the impression made upon them by stories of his education. He had three children—one son and two daughters. His son, Sir John Johnson, took side with the British during the Revolutionary war, and became the sovereign of the Mohawk valley. One of his daughters married Col. Claus, and the other Sir Guy Johnson. Sir William died suddenly, at Johnson Hall, July 11th, 1774, aged sixty years, and was succeeded by his son in his title and also in his post as Major-General of the Militia.

The following anecdote respecting Sir William seems to evince that, in his dealings with the Indians, who have a good reputation for cunning, he was not outwitted. Hendrick, the chief of the Mohawks, was at the house of Sir William when he received several rich suits of laced clothes. Soon after, the chief came to him and said, "I dream." "Well! what did you dream?" "I dream you give me one suit of clothes." This hint could not be mistaken or well avoided, and accordingly Hendrick received a suit. Some time afterwards Sir William heard him speak to a new mermaid, when the man at the door, apparently ashamed to cheat so good a customer, refused to take the money, saying—"No, no, my Lord, it's only the cold Say Sarpent."

A simple servant boy one evening went up in the drawing room, on the bell's being rung. When he returned to the kitchen, he laughed immoderately. Some of the servants asking the cause of his mirth, he cried, "What do you think? there were sixteen of them who could not snuff the candles, and were obliged to send for me to do it."

An Irish gentleman once remarked in the House of Commons, that the French were the most restless nation in the world—adding very pointedly, "They will never be at peace until they are engaged in another war."

The chaplain of the Edinburgh gaol has restored his situation, having gone over to the "Free Church." His congregation had a conscientious desire to follow their pastor, but the intolerant gaoler wouldn't allow them!

A western editor, who was recently robbed of a jack knife, a wooden comb, a brass rule, and five cents, says he is ruined, and shall be obliged to "take the benefit" of the insolvent act.

An obituary notice in an Eastern paper announces the death of a young man aged twenty-three years, who "*lived and died* to the entire satisfaction of his bereaved parents and friends."

"If you children quarrel so about that doll, I'll break it; there's no *peace* where you are!" "Oh, do, mamma," screamed the young hopefuls, "then we shall have a little *piece*."

The Boston Post says a man ought to be ashamed of himself to run away with another man's wife, when there are so many maiden ladies with their trunks all packed ready for a start!

"Poor Mr. Smith has fallen down dead of an apoplexy," said a gentleman at the polls. "Has he voted?" asked one of the candidates.

"I can take no pleasure in you when you get into one of your snappish ways," as the rat said to the steel trap.

Jack Ketch being asked on what grounds he claimed the clothes of those he hanged, answered—as their cassohr.

"Come out here and I'll lick the whole of you," as the boy said to the lasses candy in the window.

"One extreme follows another," as the little dog said ven he flew round after his own tail.

From the Journals.

FROM THE NEW YORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

THE FIRST GRAVE

EVER DUG IN A NEW GRAVEYARD FOR DEAD PEOPLE WHO HAD THREE YEARS.

Mission Harbour—While spending a portion of the month of August in the beautiful village of Mission, Mass. I strolled through a new grave yard, which the inhabitants had recently prepared.

I was there struck with the appearance of a short grave, the first if I mistake not, which was opened in the new cemetery.

On the top of the grave grew the waving grass, mingled with lovely flowers, all planted by the parents of the deceased. The stone at the head of the grave told the tale, that little Helen Louisa M., aged three years, slumbered beneath. I subsequently learned that a youth, a student in the Methodist Academy, composed the following lines on the occasion. If a critic's eye should discover faults in them, let him remember that the author is spared, still he older, and perhaps wiser better.

L. H.

Mourn for the withered rosebud—
Mourn for the shattered grace—
Their glorious leave departed—
No bird can gather them.
No mortal power can save its vigour
The fragrance or the light of pure

I saw a grave—how lonely—
It may not long be so—
I saw a lifting monument
Graced with parental woe.
But none there were that touched my heart
And would not from its depths depart

Oh, tokens sweet and sacred!
A voice you have—a tone—
A voice for her who sleepeth
For those who weep alone
Blest be the heart and hand that gave
Those beauteous flowers for Ellen's grave

The mystic spirits of emigrant
Or weeping, bleeding love
The count of unshed wealth
Of sweetness are the dews
The tone of beauty here is die
Life, death, and immortality

Sister to these appeareth
The sweet bright one-not,
Her voice with them entering
To charm the immortal spot.
Flowers brightly in a garden bloom
But fairer on an infant's tomb.

Also the subsets ringlets
Are mingled with the dust
The eyes, of her like heaven's blue
Are faithless to their trust.
No longer trip the little feet,
Or mark the hands a frolind in mirth

Silent, forever silent,
Her voice in mortal ears;
But sweetly rising on the air
It mingle amid the spheres.
With unchanged never known to light
On earth, since Eden fled our sight

Mourn o'er the lifeless casket
That held the living gem,
Weep o'er the bleeding rose bud
That withered on the stem.
But while you mourn, and while you weep,
The Saviour's resurrection keep—

Lessons that but left this world
To gain a better kind
And leave a blessing cherish
Amid a cherish kind.
In rapture waiting for her friends,
To join the song that never ends.

MASSES, JUNE 1861. C

A French priest, who was exceedingly corpulent, coming late one evening to a hotel town, asked a countryman whom he met "if he could get in at the gate?" "I should think you might," replied the peasant, surveying his proportions, "for I saw a load of hay go in this morning."

Selected Articles.

FROM THE GIFT FOR 1841

THE MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

BY N. P. WILLIS

They tell me thou art come from a far world
Hallo of ar, beyond the blue arcus,
Whose reminiscence is like the spread of wings.
Move with the memory of flights scarce o'er—
That through those fringed lids we see the soul
Stamped in the blue of its remembered home;
And while thou sleepst some messengers, they say,
Is lingering to me—mind! to me!
Upon thy baby lips that smile of heaven?
And what is thy far errand, my fair child?
Why away, wandering from a home so blest,
To find thy way through darkness home again?
Were there an envied dwellers in the sky?
Is there, beyond the clouds that thou went,
The cherub and the angel tiers mayst be,
A fate's production in this sinless world?
Are there, with memory of two things only
Home and light, left upon earth astray,
And, by the wanderers at the gate of heaven,
Looked for? Both true and trembling?

God! who gavest
Into my guiding hand this wonderer,
To lead her through a world whose duckling pathe
I found with steps so faltering—leave not me
Leaving her at the gates of heaven, alone!
Let thine angels have charge concerning her.
The angels who now visit her in dreams
Put them to wear her pillow till in death
The eternal eyes look upon Thy face once more!
And for the light and music which the world
Borrows of heaven, and which her infant sense
Hints with sweet suggestion, be to her
A voice to lead her upward, and a harp
To lead her lost steps in Thee!

WOMAN IN SICKNESS.

In no situation, and under no circumstances, does the female character appear to such advantage as when watching beside the bed of sickness. The chamber of disease may, indeed, be said to be woman's home. We there behold her in her loveliest, most attractive point of view—firm, without being harsh; tender, yet not weak; active, yet quiet; gentle, patient, unremitting vigilant. Every sympathetic feeling that so peculiarly graces the feminine character, is there called forth; while the native strength of mind, which has hitherto slumbered in inactivity, is roused to its fullest energy. With noiseless steps she moves about the chamber of the invalid; her listening ear ever ready to catch the slightest murmur; her quick, kind glance to interpret the unuttered wish, and supply the half-formed want. She smooths, with careful hand, the uneasy pillow which supports the aching head, or with cool hand soothes the fevered brow, or proffers to the glazed and parching lip the grateful draught, happy if she meet one kind glance in payment for her labor of love. Here's is the low, whispering voice which breathes of the and hope—of health in store for happy days to come; or tells of better and of heavenly rest, where mother sorrow nor disease can come—where the dark power of death no more shall have dominion over the frail suffering, perishable clay. Through the dim, silent watches of the night, when all around are hushed in sleep, it is hers to keep lone vigils, and to hold communion with her God, and silently lift up her heart in fervent prayer, for the postponement of a life for which she cheerfully would sacrifice her own. And even when exhausted nature sinks to brief repose, forgetfulness is denied. Even in sleep she seems awake to this one great object of her care. She starts, and rises from her slumbers, raises her drooping head, watches with dreamy eyes the taste she loves, then sinks again to rest, to start with every chime of the clock, or distant sound, which formerly had passed unheard, or only served as a lullaby to her sweet sleep.

How lovely does the wife, the mother, the sister, in the friend become to the eye of grateful affection, while administering ease, comfort, joy, almost life itself, to the husband, the son, the mother, or the friend!

A CRITICAL MOMENT.

Dr. ——, the physician in charge of the lunatic asylum on Blackwell's Island, has been in the habit of amusing himself daily in fishing for bass and perjies in the Harlgate, his crew being generally composed of inmates of the asylum, who were so far recovered as to be allowed the recreation of such trips. A few days since he took with him "Admiral Bill," an old seaman who has been confined there many years, and from the peculiar feature of his insanity has been generally styled

"Admiral," until he now answers to no other appellation. Bill had the stroke oar, and being of stalwart frame he urged the boat along, making his crew work with a will. The doctor, who is of rather diminutive stature, was seated quietly in the stern sheets, with the tiller ropes in his hands, watching with much delight the motions of Admiral Bill, when suddenly he observed him throw up his oar in a most unsy-like style, and lay it aboard. The next moment Bill stood before him and seized him in his powerful grasp, lifting him from the seat as if he had been an infant. Holding him out over the side, Bill demanded "grog, or I'll throw you to the fishes." The men had rested on their oars, watching the issue, and the current was carrying the boat towards the "back." Recovering his presence of mind in an instant, the doctor fixed his eye upon the maniac, and saw the necessity for immediate action. "Bill," said he, "it was a great oversight not to have brought the bottle along; but lay hold and we'll pull back and get it. It certainly was a very great oversight." Bill laid him back in the sheets, took up his oar, and in a few minutes the boat lay alongside the asylum dock. Admiral Bill was returned to the cell, and the doctor has taken care that he has never since pulled the stroke oar.—*N. Y. Herald.*

THE "NUN'S FAREWELL."

Say that I will be there!
Yes, say that I will stand,
As in those years when life was fair,
Beside him, hand in hand
Though dark that meeting now,
Though sorrowful and vain,
Before I breathe that fatal vow,
I'll meet him once again.

Say that when evening shades
Fall over land and sea,
I'll stand beneath those green arcades,
Where once we wandered free.
Tell him the joyous tone,
That welcomed him of old,
Hath changed, until the night-wind's moan,
Hath not a sound so cold!

Yet say that I will come,
Though dim and altered now;
Within my heart a solemn gloom,
And pallor on my brow.
I owe it to the past
To meet his gaze once more,
And weep wild tears—the last, the last,
These eyes shall ever pour!

The Humorist.

☞ Lord Stowell used to boast that there was not a sight in London he had not seen, and, according to a current story, he had seen some more than once. He was paying his shilling to see a new mermaid, when the man at the door, apparently ashamed to cheat so good a customer, refused to take the money, saying—"No, no, my Lord, it's only the cold Say Sarpent."

☞ A simple servant boy one evening went up in the drawing room, on the bell's being rung. When he returned to the kitchen, he laughed immoderately. Some of the servants asking the cause of his mirth, he cried, "What do you think? there were sixteen of them who could not snuff the candles, and were obliged to send for me to do it."

☞ An Irish gentleman once remarked in the House of Commons, that the French were the most restless nation in the world—adding very pointedly, "They will never be at peace until they are engaged in another war."

☞ The chaplain of the Edinburgh gaol has restored his situation, having gone over to the "*Free* Church." His congregation had a conscientious desire to follow their pastor, but the intolerant gaoler wouldn't allow them!

☞ A western editor, who was recently robbed of a jack knife, a wooden comb, a brass rule, and five cents, says he is ruined, and shall be obliged to "take the benefit" of the insolvent act.

☞ An obituary notice in an Eastern paper announces the death of a young man aged twenty-three years, who "*lived and died* to the entire satisfaction of his bereaved parents and friends."

☞ "If you children quarrel so about that doll, I'll break it; there's no *peace* where you are!" "Oh, do, mamma," screamed the young hopefuls, "then we shall have a little *piece*."

☞ The Boston Post says a man ought to be ashamed of himself to run away with another man's wife, when there are so many maiden ladies with their trunks all packed ready for a start!

☞ "Poor Mr. Smith has fallen down dead of an apoplexy," said a gentleman at the polls. "Has he voted?" asked one of the candidates.

☞ "I can take no pleasure in you when you get into one of your snappish ways," as the rat said to the steel trap.

☞ Jack Ketch being asked on what grounds he claimed the clothes of those he hanged, answered—as their cassohr.

☞ "Come out here and I'll lick the whole of you," as the boy said to the lasses candy in the window.

☞ "One extreme follows another," as the little dog said ven he flew round after his own tail.

Musical.

ANECDOTE OF A MUSICAL GENIUS.

Mr. Gozikow was a Polish Jew; a shepherd in the service of a nobleman. From earliest childhood, music seemed to pervade his whole being. As he tended his flocks in the loneliness of the fields, he was for ever fashioning flutes and reeds from the trees that grew around him. He soon observed that the tone of the flute varied according to the wood he used; by degrees he came to know every tree by its sound; and the forests stood round him a silent oratorio. The skill with which he played on his rustic flutes attracted attention. The nobility invited him to their houses, and he became a favorite of fortune. Men never grew weary of hearing him. But soon it was perceived that he was pouring forth the fountains of his life in song. Physicians said he must abjure the flute, or die. It was a dreadful sacrifice: for music to him was life. His old familiarity with trees of the forest came to his aid. He took four round sticks of wood, and bound them closely together with bands of straw; across these he arranged numerous pieces of round, smooth wood, of different kinds. They were arranged irregularly to the eye, though harmoniously to the ear; for some hitted beyond the straw-bound foundation at one end, and some at the other; in and out, in apparent confusion. The whole was lashed together with twine, as men would fasten a raft. This was laid on a common table, and struck with two small wooden sticks. Rude as the instrument appeared, Gozikow brought from it such rich and liquid melody, that it seemed to take the heart of man on its wings, and bear it aloft to the throne of God. They who have heard it describe it as far exceeding even the miraculous warblings of Paganini's violin. The Emperor of Austria heard it, and forthwith took the Polish peasant into his own especial service. In some of the large cities, he now and then gave a concert, by royal permission; and on such an occasion he was heard by a friend of mine at Hamburg.

The countenance of the musician was very pale and haggard, and his large dark eyes wildly expressive. He covered his head, according to the custom of the Jews; but the small cap of black velvet was not to be distinguished in color from the jet black hair that fell from under it, and flowed over his shoulders in glossy, natural ringlets. He wore the costume of his people, an ample robe, that fell about him in graceful folds. From head to foot all was black, as his own hair and eyes, relieved only by the burning brilliance of a diamond on his breast. The butterflies of fashion were of course attracted by the unusual and poetic beauty of his appearance; and ringlets *a la Gozikow* were the order of the day.

Before this singularly gifted being stood a common wooden table, on which reposed his rude-looking invention. He touched it with the ebony sticks. At first you heard a sound as of wood; the orchestra rose higher and higher, till it flowed in a voice: then gradually subsiding the wonderful instrument once above other sounds clear, warbling like a nightingale: the orchestra rose higher, like the coming of the breeze—but above them all, swelled the sweet tones of the magic instrument, rich, liquid, and strong, like a sky-lark piercing the heavens! They who heard it listened in delightful wonder, that the trees could be made to speak thus under the touch of genius.

Choice Selections.

THE FALSE ONE.

Never, as I have found thee,
Shalt thou be loved again;
With affections deep, unchanging,
Through time, through grief, through pain.
Now shalt thou be doubly absent there
With such a tender care
With such unwearied sight,
Such patient hope, and prayer!

Never, as I have chosen thee,
Shalt thou again be known;
I studied every feature,
I pondered every tone;
I weighed each sacred feeling
That made thy heart its shrine
I read my precious volume
With care, line by line!

Never, as I have trusted,
Shalt thou be trusted more;
The world here dark examine
Wring from its fount core
Thy trust and joyous bearing
Thy glad and open smile
Shall seem, to hollow spirits,
The mask of perfect guile.

Yet, if the love I gave thee
And if the faith devote
Have added but a moment
To happiness of thine,
I shall not all regret them.
Nor deem those offerings vain.
Were there my own existence
A blessed and known place!

THE GHOST CHILD.

There are those yet living in this very neighborhood who remember, and relate with an awe which half a century has not abated, the story of Ruth Blaire and the Ghost Child! Ruth was a young woman of lively temperament and great personal beauty. While engaged as a teacher of a school in the little town of Southampton, N. H., (whose hills ringlets the horizon with their snowy outline within view of my window at this very moment) she was invited to spend the evening at the dwelling of one of her young associates. Several persons were present, of both sexes. The sun just setting poured its soft rich light into the apartment. Suddenly, in the midst of animated gaiety the young school-mistress uttered a frightful shriek, and was gazing with a countenance of inhuman horror at the open window; and pointing with her rigid, outstretched arm at an object which drew at once the attention of her companions. In the strong light of sunset lay upon the sill of the open casement, a dead infant—visible to all for a single moment; and vanishing before the gazers could communicate words to express their amazement. The shrieked Ruth was the first to break the silence. "*It is mine, my Child!*" she shrieked——"*it has come for me!*" She gradually became more tranquil, but no effort availed to draw from her the terrible secret which was evidently connected with the apparition. She was soon afterwards arrested, and brought to trial for the crime of child murder, found guilty, and executed at Portsmouth, N. H. I do not, of course, vouch for the truth of this story in all respects. I tell the story as 'twas told to me.—*J. G. Whittier.*

DEAF AND DUMB.—A friend of ours some time since handed us a scrap of an old newspaper, nearly worn out, from which with difficulty we extract the following sketch of an examination held at the Deaf and Dumb Institution in London, of the children, in their knowledge of the divine truth:

A little boy was asked in writing, "Who made the world?"

He took the chalk, and wrote underneath the question,

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

The clergyman then inquired in a similar manner,

"Why did Jesus Christ come into the world?"

A smile of delight and gratitude rested on the countenance of the little fellow, as he wrote,

"This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."

A third was then proposed, evidently adapted to call his most powerful feelings into exercise.

"Why were you born deaf and dumb, when I can hear and speak?"

"Never," said an eye witness, "shall I forget the look of resignation which sat on his countenance as he took up the chalk and wrote

"Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight."—*Licking Valley Register.*

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.—One of our oldest and most learned divines on Sunday morning suffered a temporary and rather serious absence of mind; but before the hour of morning service arrived, was supposed to have entirely recovered, and went to his church to perform the duties of his calling. He proceeded regularly with the services of the day, and preached an extemporaneous discourse which was declared by many who heard it, to be one of the most eloquent, perspicuous and argumentative sermons they had ever listened to.

After the clergyman arrived home it was noticed that his mind was again wandering, and proper medical treatment was resorted to, and he has since in a great measure recovered. He states that he has not the slightest recollection of preaching on the last Sabbath, or even of being at church, so that he must have delivered an eloquent and lucid discourse while in a state of suspended intellectual action, a phenomena certainly of a curious and unusual character. The only discrepancies observed in the services of the day were two: after reading the commandments the clergyman repeated the sixth, and when giving out the second hymn he gave out the one which had been just previously sung.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

AMUSING PERPLEXITIES.—The French translator of Franklin's Correspondence has made a true French blunder. Franklin somewhere says, 'People imagine that an American was a kind of Yahoo!' Upon this the translator makes the following note: "Yahoo. It must be an animal. It is affirmed that it must be the Opossum: but I have not been able to find the word Yahoo in any dictionary of Natural History." This reminds us of an anecdote also founded on one of Swift's admirable works. A gentleman saw a person jarring over an atlas, and seemingly disconcerted by some want of success. "Can't you find what you want," said he, "or can I assist you?" "I don't know," (was the reply) for I have been looking two hours through all latitudes and longitudes, and cannot discover this *morally Lilliput* any where!"

The Olio.

BUYING POULTRY.—When poultry are exposed for sale with their legs cut off, it may be presumed that they are old, and adapted only for broth. Some judgment of the age of fowls may be formed by the appearance of the legs and feet: in aged fowls these are rough and stiff, and the toes stout and worn; the skin on the body is also coarse and rough; but in regard to this circumstance there is a great difference even among fowls of the same age. Yellow-legged fowls have a smoother skin than others. In young fowls the lower part of the breast bone is soft and bends easily, and the skin under the wings yields readily to the pressure of the fingers. In young geese and ducks, the webs of the toes are very thin, and almost transparent, and the skin may be tipped up with a pin. These hints are worth attending to for the marketmen are often in the habit of putting up an old and a young one in the same pair, and you may have on your table a venerable, tough, old chanticleer side by side with his descendant in the eighth or tenth generation.—*American Poultry Book.*

A TEMPERANCE STORY.—Two young men, with a humming in their heads, retire late at night to their room in a crowded inn; in which, as they enter, are revealed two beds: but the stand extinguishing the light, they both, instead of taking, as they supposed, a bed apiece, get back to back into one, which begins to sink under them and come around at intervals in a manner very circumambulant, but quite impossible of explanation. Presently one observes to the other:

"I say, Tom, somebody's in my bed."

"Is there?" says the other—"so there is in mine, d—m him!" Let's kick 'em out!"

The next remark was

"Tom, I've kicked my man overboard."

"Good!" says his fellow-tipper: "better luck than I, my man has kicked me out—right on the floor!"

Their 'relative positions' were not apparent until the next morning.

COSMOPOLITE TUCKER.—We remember well hearing the venerable man relate his receiving his first commission in our navy. He was at Marblehead, soon after his return from England, and at the time Washington was at Cambridge. Tucker, then a young man, was exiting usual before his mother's door—when a gaily dressed officer rode down the street. It was in the dark of the evening, and the officer seeing Tucker thus employed, rode up to him and asked him if he could inform him where the *Honorable* Samuel Tucker resided. Tucker, astonished, answered him in the negative, saying, there is no such man lives here. there is no other Sam Tucker in this town but myself. Immediately on hearing this, the officer raised his hearer, and bowing low, presented him his commission in the navy.

AT THE late Limerick assizes, a witness of the "lower classes" was cross-examined by Mr. Bennett, Queen's Counsel, when the following dialogue took place:—Counsel: Why do you hesitate to answer me: you look at me as if I was a rogue! Witness: To be sure I do (laughter.) Counsel: Upon your oath you think me a rogue? Witness: Pon my oath I don't think you're an honest man (continued laughter.) Counsel: You swear that on your oath? Witness: I do to be sure, and what else would I think? Counsel: Now, why do you think so? Witness: Why, because you're doing your best to make me perjure myself!"

CALUMNY.—Slander is a sort of pillory, and a man who takes an other, voluntarily sets himself up as a mark, at which every low minded person can level his abuse. There have been no exceptions to this—for it is impossible for any man to escape censure, who stands high enough for notice. Insignificance is a perfect shield against calumny, than all the great and good qualities that were ever found in the human breast.—*N. Y. Sun.*

OUR DOGGEREL epitaph writers seem as if they had been anxious to verify the anagram, by turning "funeral" into "real fun." There is, or at least was, within the last ten years, an epitaph in Croydon church-yard, to the memory of a man who lost his life through being accidentally run over, and which appears sufficiently ridiculous. It is as follows:—

Here I lies, killed by Death's dart,
Who came to me in a hurse and cart.

IGNORANCE OF FEAR.—A child of one of the crew of the British ship Peacock, during the action with the United States' vessel Hornet, amused himself with chasing a goat between decks. Not the least terrified with the destruction and death all around him, he persisted, till a cannon ball came and took off both hind legs of the goat; when, seeing her disabled, he jumped astride her, crying, "Now I've caught you."

THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED.

Horses should never be put to severe work on a full stomach. More horses are hurt by hard driving after a full feed, than by a full feed after hard driving

If the farmer wishes to have his pork barrel and meal chest hold out, let him look well to his kitchen garden. Plenty of vegetables conduce not more to health than to profit.

In laying in a stock of winter fodder for animals, let it not be forgotten that a little too much is just enough. Starving animals at any time is miserable policy.

As you treat your land so it will treat you. Feed it with manures liberally and it will yield you bread bountifully.

Avoid debt as you would the leprosy. If you are ever tempted to purchase on credit put it off for three days. You need time for reflection.

Never beg fruit or any thing else you can produce by the expenditure of a little time or labor. It is as reasonable to expect a man to give away the produce of his wheat field as of his orchard or fruit garden.

The man who uses good seed, has a good soil, and works it in good season, rarely fails of having a good crop to reward his toil.

CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, AND CHANGES OF TEMPERAMENT.—We must be adapted to the nature of the soil, or there will be no propagation of the species. The soil must be adapted to the seed, or there will be no increase. The climate must have those manners in it which will unite and keep alive epidemical as contagious poisons; or they will become extinguished as is being that is supplied with oil. So it is likewise with the Human Frame; it cannot be materially affected by epidemical or contagious maladies, unless there be those matters floating in the circulation which offer the appropriate soil. By purifying our bodies with the DR. JAYNE'S PILLS, which have an affinity with those impurities upon which contagious feeds, we may always feed secure, whatever disease may rage around us. True, we may have it, but it will seem to you, our sickness will be the effort of a day or two, while those who have been too wise to use this simple and excellent remedy, either die, or have weeks, perhaps months of sickness.

Sudden changes from very hot to chilly weather are unfavorable to health; and it is a fact universally admitted, that heat and moisture are powerful agents in producing disease, and that constant dry and constant wet weather are both favorable to its generation; it does not signify what we call it, it may be agues—it may be bilious fever—it may be pulmonic fever—it may be dysentery—it may be rheumatism—it may be bronchitis—it may be cholera—it may be constipation of the bowels—it may be inflammation of the bowels—it may be inflammation of the stomach—it may be a nervous affection—but still it is disease, and a disease curable by the Brandreth Pills, because they remove all impurities from the body, all that can in any manner feed the further progress of the malady, no matter how called; but these Pills are only the most proper medicine for generally the only medicine that would or ought to be used. At the present time, it is every man's duty who wishes to secure his health to use them; it is the duty of every one who knows anything on their health restoring powers, to make it known to the misinformed multitude. For there are some alarming states of the stomach liver, and bowels, and impurities of the stomach liver, and the blood, which will of the approach of disease. The sudden changes of temperature are more to be feared and guarded against than any contagious malady.

THE PATIENCE has been known in such a state of weakness that one or two a great susceptibility to be affected by these changes of the atmosphere and contagious maladies, but by the timely use of Dr. Brandreth's Pills, even those constantly can be as a great measure removed, and power given the system to resist those maladies by its presence,